

The Sketch

No. 697.—Vol. LIV.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6, 1906.

SIXPENCE.



THE CHIEF OF THE SANDOW GIRLS: MISS CARRIE MOORE AS PEGGY IN "THE DAIRYMAIDS,"
AT THE APOLLO.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND!"

London.

NOTHING more delightful has appeared in the newspapers for some time past than the story of "The Ghost of Furnace Mill." The ordinary ghost is played out. Christmas Numbers have made him so familiar, with his transparent body and clanking chains, and ivy-mantled towers and dark picture-galleries, and low moans and all the rest of the old-fashioned nonsense, that the smallest child whose beautiful golden tresses were ever tied up in rags treats the thing with contempt. But "The Ghost of Furnace Mill" is original. In the first place, he gets his job done in the daytime instead of bothering to be out at night. Then there is nothing gloomy about him. He is a humorous ghost. He makes for fun and laughter. The newspapers describe him as "enterprising and audacious," and they are fully justified. Again, "The Ghost of Furnace Mill" is invisible. After all, when you come to think of it, there is something dreadfully undignified about a ghost allowing himself to be seen. With the old-fashioned ghosts this was probably due to conceit. All ghosts, you know, are confirmed egotists. It is their own affair that bothers them; you never heard a ghost alluding to anybody else's troubles. And it is conceit that makes them talk in that slow, silly, self-important way so admired of our grandfathers. "The Ghost of Furnace Mill," on the other hand, is a jolly, unaffected, invisible fellow.

His present victim is Farmer Playfoot, the owner of Furnace Mill, and a matter-of-fact, business-like man. It was just like our humorous ghost to quarter himself on a matter-of-fact, business-like man. Farmer Playfoot, I dare swear, had been boasting that he didn't believe in ghosts. I can see him slapping his gaiters with his whip on market-day, and laughing loudly at the idea of believing in ghosts. Well, he believes in them now. Since the humorous ghost took up his residence at Furnace Mill, Farmer Playfoot has acquired a habit of "drawing his hand wearily across his puzzled brow." (Personally, I believe strongly in ghosts. I have no desire, you see, to draw my hand wearily across my puzzled brow.) Let us examine the methods by which this desirable end has been attained. "Locked and bolted doors swing open, the horses are changed from stable to stable, are sometimes turned round in their stalls so that their backs are against the mangers, and are often seen to run shivering and startled from their stables into the road." "Well," you say, "I don't see anything very extraordinary in that. Doors that are supposed to be locked and bolted very often do swing open. It is not always easy to remember in which stable a horse has been placed. Horses have been known to turn round in their stalls of their own accord, and it frequently happens that they trot out into the road."

Peace, peace, babbler! Wouldst draw thy hand wearily across thy puzzled brow? Hear more. "Bales of hay are cut and scattered about the hay-rooms, the contents of sacks in the drying-room are emptied and changed about, while in the tool-house barrels of lime weighing hundredweights are flung down a flight of stairs." "Well," you object, "any careless farm-hand who happened to have cut and scattered a bale of hay would naturally blame it on to the ghost. Sacks may easily become misplaced. As for the barrels of lime, I don't believe it." Don't you? Then your hand be upon your own brow. And how, O Clever One, will you account for the following? "Such strange things happened to my grey mare," said Farmer Playfoot, "that one day I decided to watch the stable closely. I made everything secure and put the keys in my pockets. Presently I crossed over from where I was standing, and, unlocking the stable door, looked in. The stable was empty. I found the horse in an adjoining hay-room, which was padlocked." There! That proves the folly of locking the stable-door even when the horse is there.

MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").

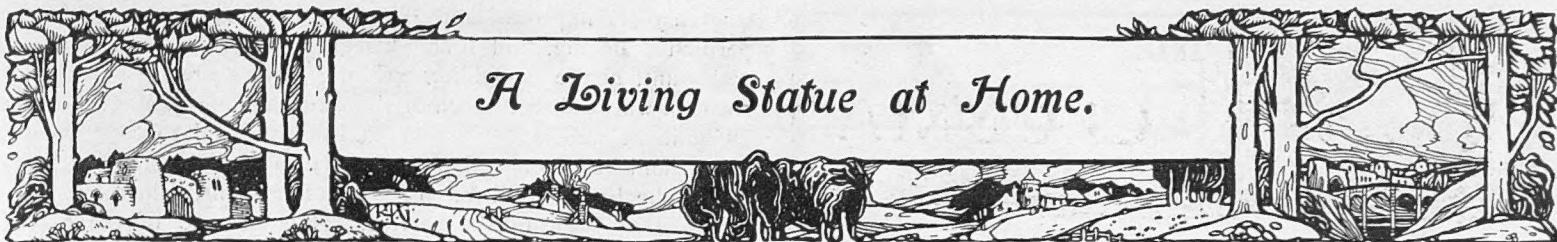


If Farmer Playfoot takes my advice, he will advertise "The Ghost of Furnace Mill" in all the London dailies (it has been pretty well advertised already, by the way), and organise daylight séances at five shillings a head. He would find it far more paying than farming.

I don't know who Miss Genn may be, but, according to the *Hospital*, Miss Genn has done a wonderful thing: she has managed to add a new terror to the possibilities of sickness. Miss Genn, it seems, has no faith in many of the meek, demure-looking hospital nurses that we all admire so much. For my own part, I have often hoped that it would one day be my fate to be nursed by one of the charming ladies who walk about in bonnets and blue cloaks, and keep their eyes so steadfastly downcast. But Miss Genn has destroyed this illusion. She says that in many cases they are conceited, pert, inconsiderate, untruthful, and tactless. She adds—as if it were necessary to add anything at all to so terrible an indictment!—that their chief idea, while going through the hardening process of three years in hospital, is to "capture and inveigle into matrimony any raw and youthful medical student who is sufficiently susceptible to their charms." All this, of course, is extremely painful. I know, though, what I shall do. I shall shut my eyes tight, and make up my mind not to believe it.

Pardon the platitude, but, upon my word, people do the queerest things! For example, a lady, whose present address is "A yacht on the Norfolk Broads," called, in quite a friendly way, on a gentleman who lives in Pall Mall. During the course of their conversation, they happened to come to blows. (I rather suspect that they had been arguing as to whether Mr. Tree could or could not play Colonel Newcome. Many lifelong friendships, I am told, have lately split upon this insidious snag.) The lady, *in self-defence*, snatched up a vase and threw it out of the window. So the gentleman, being of an imitative disposition, snatched the lady up and threw her downstairs. Now, to my mind, the interesting point about the affair is the lady's peculiar mode of defending herself. Some ladies would have gone for him with a hat-pin; others would have screamed. But I never before heard of anyone defending themselves by throwing a vase out of the window. Still, I suppose that people whose present address is a yacht on the Norfolk Broads get into the habit of throwing things overboard. It is said that one can get accustomed to anything—even, no doubt, to being thrown downstairs.

Here is another little story. A French gentleman named Voglet has just concluded an interesting visit to London. He came here to search for Marie, his sweetheart, who had preceded him under the escort of an Italian. Voglet, in due course, met Marie and the Italian. The Italian, it seems, was rude, and Voglet, therefore, fired off a revolver. Not at the Italian or Marie, you understand, but just as a signal to the police that the Italian required official attendance. "But you mustn't fire off revolvers in the street," said the police; "it makes people jump, and might frighten the horses." Voglet thanked them politely for the information, explained that in Paris this was the usual way of calling the police, and then, with a low bow, returned to France. But he was not so ungrateful as to forget the kind and courteous police. When he reached home he sat down and wrote them a letter. They were true gentlemen, he said, and before he came to London again he should certainly make a point of learning "Shakspere's language." There was a postscript to the letter. "Have you," wrote Voglet, "seen my poor mad sweetheart? I will be glad if you will me make known the news." It could be wished that all meetings between the London police and our charming neighbours might be carried through so amicably. Voglet, evidently, is a man of infinite tact.

*A Living Statue at Home.*

THE ALTOGETHER AT THE PAVILION: MISS PANSY MONTAGUE, THE MODERN VENUS DE MILO,
WHO POSES AS FAMOUS STATUES.

Miss Montague, known to the public as the Modern Milo, is posing at the London Pavilion. She represents such famous pieces of sculpture as the Venus de Milo and the Venus de Medici, Hebe, Pandora, and Diana. Our Illustration shows her in her country home.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

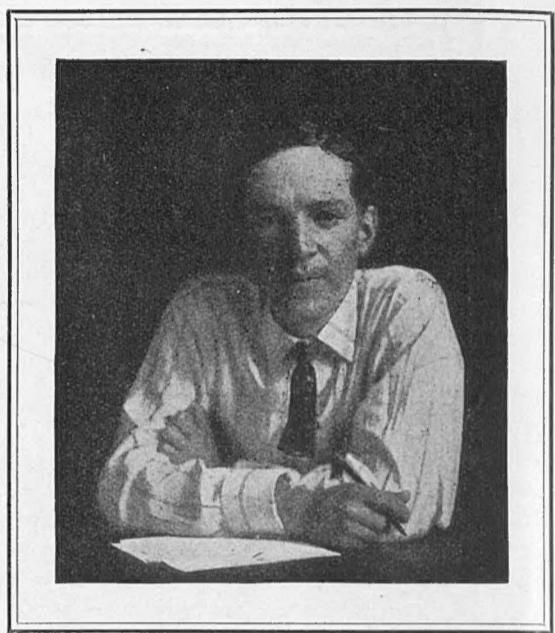


"*The Jungle*" that has put the Beef Trust to Flight—Captain Fane—Spanish Hotels—The Spanish "Immemorials"—Pontius Pilate's Guards—Riverside Clubs.

SINCE the days when Dickens caused the abolition of imprisonment for debt, no novelist has stirred lawgivers to such action as has Mr. Upton Sinclair. His book, "*The Jungle*," has put the Beef Trust to flight in America, and though many of us, after having read the disclosures, will look with suspicion for a long time on anything canned in Chicago, the inspection which the President and the American Houses of Legislature now insist on will be a guarantee for the future that potted ham from the city by the lake is ham, and not floor-scrapings.

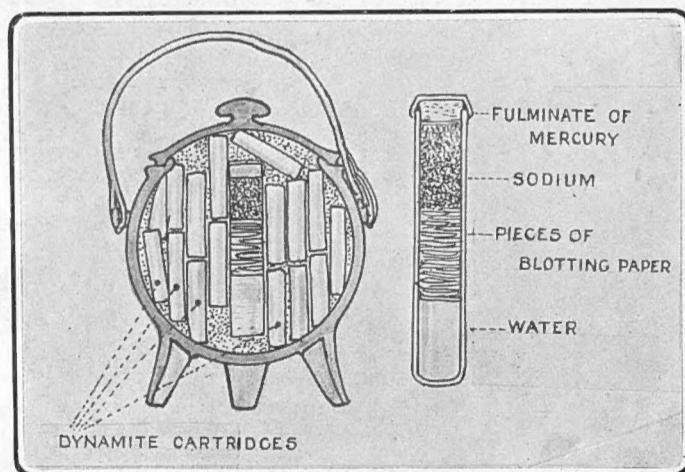
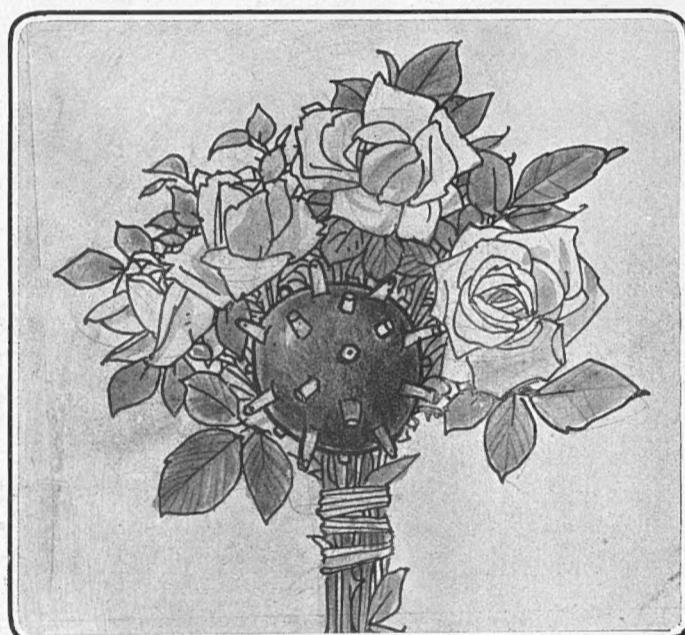
No stranger in Chicago ever saw any of the horrors that are described, for all the visitors were sent to Armour's to see the pigs killed and the cattle slaughtered, and there everything is done with scrupulous cleanliness; and I remember well one long white room—or rather, a series of rooms—in which, walking very slowly over well-scrubbed floors, one could follow the career of a pig from the time he was killed, and his body was swung into a vast vat of boiling water

I shivered when I read that Captain Fane had been sentenced to seven years' imprisonment. He was a member of some of the clubs to which I belong, and I had known him for many years as a quiet, pleasant, gentle ex-soldier, growing white-haired as time went on, a man who had seen much of the amusing side of life, who knew the Continent well, and with whom I always used to chat when I met him, and was interested to hear what he had been doing, and what news he had to tell me of his soldier sons, who have all done excellently well in the Service. He was one of the well-known figures in Piccadilly, his white mutton-chop whiskers and white hair parted in the middle giving him a distinguished and striking appearance. I fancy that the failure of the Pandora Theatre many years ago was a financial blow which crippled him, for I remember that he told me once that a passage in his house was papered with the valueless script of the Pandora company.



THE WRITER WHOSE NOVEL HAS CAUSED AN OFFICIAL INVESTIGATION OF THE CHICAGO MEAT-PACKING HOUSES: MR. UPTON SINCLAIR, AUTHOR OF "*THE JUNGLE*."

*By courtesy of Mr. Heinemann, publisher of "*The Jungle*".*



A BOMB IN A BOUQUET: THE TYPE OF MISSILE THROWN AT THE KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN, AND A "REVERSING" BOMB IN SECTION.
We here illustrate an example of the type of bomb which, according to report, was thrown at the young King and Queen of Spain on their wedding-day. In bombs of the type shown in section the water soaks through the blotting-paper, and heats the sodium which detonates the mercury. The detonation of the mercury causes the explosion of the dynamite.

to his final state, for the time, when, scalded, cleaned, his bristles brushed off, his head and trotters severed, and the carcase divided into two steaming portions, he was swung into another room to cool.

From Madrid come to me two wails concerning the bad hotel accommodation there. I told several of the voyagers whom official and other duties were taking to Madrid in connection with the King's marriage that they would be wise if they had any Spanish friends to accept the offer of a room in a private house in the capital, and not trust to hotel accommodation. I know of only two towns in Spain which have good hotels—Algeciras and Barcelona. San Sebastian, where the hotels are neither noticeably good nor noticeably bad, was promised a Ritz hotel at one time, but the project does not seem to have developed. There appears to be no enterprise in the Spaniards in the matter of hotel-building, and the Englishmen who would be willing to risk capital under ordinary conditions are frightened by the unknown quantity which the bribes to officials of all ranks represent. With an English Queen on the Spanish throne a chain of first-class hotels at Burgos, Madrid, Toledo, Seville, and Granada would always be filled with well-to-do tourists, except during the very hot months of July and August.

Guards of honour of the "Immemorial" Regiment, the first of the Spanish line, have been much in evidence during the wedding ceremonies at Madrid. It tickles the fancy of every civilised country to pretend that some of its regiments date back to very dim days of the past. An Italian will resent a laugh when he says that the cavalry corps in which he has done his service has direct and unbroken descent from the cohorts of Julius Caesar, and we have the same amiable foible, for our 1st Regiment of the Line, the Royal Scots, is nicknamed Pontius Pilate's Guards, a joking allusion to the very early date of the regiment's formation.

The first real sunshine of summer has sent the flags up to the mastheads on the lawns of all the riverside clubs. I saw as I passed Maidenhead in the train one day last week that the Guards have begun their boating season at the comfortable club just above the railway bridge, and I hear that the new Riverside Club which Lord Athlumney and others have started is doing well. The most interesting experiment in riparian caravanserais which has been made for a long time is the conversion of Phyllis Court at Henley into a club. I am told that a wing of bed-rooms is being built, and it should be a very pleasant place to motor to in the afternoon, dine and sleep, and go back to London in the early morning.

A DERBY-WINNER WHO WAS BOUGHT FOR 300 GUINEAS
AS A YEARLING.



MAJOR EUSTACE LODER LEADING IN SPEARMINT, WINNER OF THIS YEAR'S DERBY,
AFTER THE RACE (D. MAHER UP).

Spearmint, which Major Loder bought as a yearling for 300 guineas, won by a length and a half. Mr. J. L. Dugdale's Picton was second, and the Duke of Westminster's Troutbeck third. The time was 2 minutes, 36 and 4-5 seconds.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

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THE SKETCH.

MR. TREE.

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Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement. Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.

The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.

The Editor will be glad to consider photographs of beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

GENERAL NOTICES.

Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

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make an enduring place for herself in the hearts of her husband's people. Already the Anglo-Spanish alliance is pouring much-needed gold into Spain, for there is no country so full of romantic associations and so little known to the ordinary tourist. The youthful King is very anxious to encourage foreign visitors, and doubtless within a short time the country of Don Quixote will be one of the favourite playgrounds of Europe.

The Empress Eugénie: Our Lady of Sorrows.

During all the festivities attendant upon the royal marriage which she has been instrumental in bringing about, what stirring memories must have been called to the mind of the Empress Eugénie—memories of Spain, memories of France. She was born in the open air during the earthquake at Granada, of eighty years ago. Her uncle, a grandee of Spain, had battled for his country against the uncle of the Napoleon whom she was destined to marry. Her father, who was to succeed his brother in the title, had fought under Napoleon, and was, it is said, the man to fire the last shot against the Allies in 1814. So strange were the antecedents of the lady who was to become the queen of all hearts in Europe, and to inspire even Queen Victoria with a laughing respect for current fashions established by this fair Spaniard. The Empress's love-affairs began early, and were as stormy as her after-career. At fifteen she loved the Duke of Berwick and Alba, and thought her affection reciprocated until he proposed to her elder sister. Ten minutes later they were only just in time to save the life of the future Empress of the French. She had taken poison.

SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

Divisions in the House.

A change in the system of taking divisions

in the House of Commons is at last to be tried. Members insist on their votes being recorded for the information of their constituents. A show of hands would never be tolerated; but the one-sidedness of the present Parliament has made the old system unbearable. After the question is put the House is cleared—that is to say, members troop into the division lobbies. Out of these there is no exit until the last man has been crammed into them. The Ministerial lobby, with several hundred men crowded in it, becomes very close, but members have had to endure its discomfort for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour several times a night. This period of discomfort will be lessened under the new system.

First In, First Out.

The first man out of the division lobby is Sir Charles Dilke. Of course, to be first out he must be first in. Under the old system he could not pass the exit at one end until the last member had entered at the other end. This has been a life-long habit on the part of Sir Charles Dilke. He was first out a quarter of a century ago, and he has kept up the practice. All his ways are methodical, and no man loses less time.

THE SPANISH PRETENDER IN A LAUNCH ACCIDENT: DON CARLOS, WITH HIS WIFE.

Some days ago, when Don Carlos and the Duchess of Madrid were returning from a trip in their benzine launch and had almost reached the Rialto Bridge, on the Grand Canal, Venice, the boiler of the vessel burst, and burning spirit ran over the boat. A passing canal steamer refused assistance, and the launch had to be towed to a landing-stage, where fire-engines were telephoned for.

Photograph by Adèle.



AMERICA'S LADY WHIPS: MEMBERS OF THE LADIES' FOUR-IN-HAND DRIVING CLUB IN CENTRAL PARK.

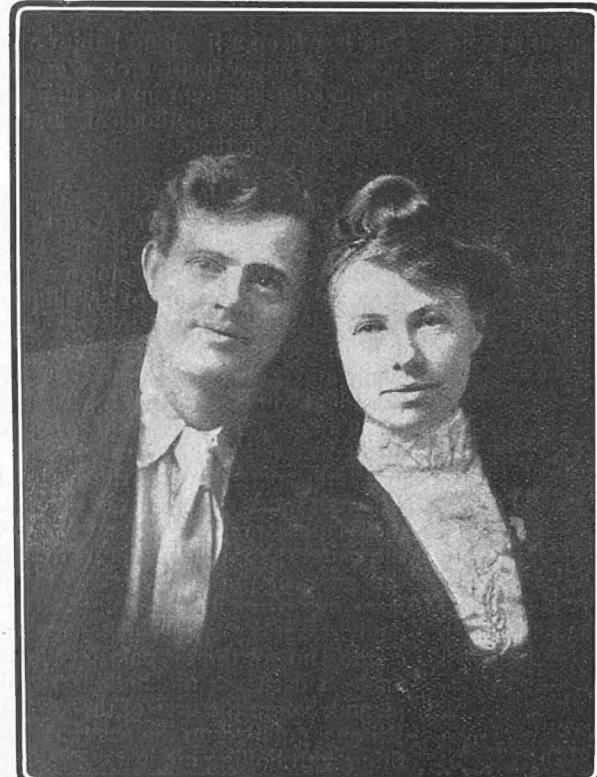
The recent coaching meet in Hyde Park reminds one that the members of the Ladies' Four-in-Hand Driving Club have been much in evidence in Central Park, New York, during the last few weeks. To be a good whip is one of the greatest ambitions of the young Society women of New York. Our photograph shows (left to right) Mrs. Arthur Iselin, Miss Evelyn Parsons, and Mrs. A. G. Vanderbilt. Mrs. Iselin's "coachman's hat" should be noted.—[Photograph by G. G. Bain.]

The Lunch that Failed. May King Edward's French Academic visitors have better fortune at Windsor to-morrow than attended the excursion to St. Cloud of our Exhibition Commissioners! They were the guests of the French Government, and Louis Napoleon, then only President, invited them to lunch at St. Cloud. The splendid orangery was converted to the purposes of a luncheon-apartment for the occasion. The fête went merrily for a time, and the viands spread for the feasting of the visitors showed temptingly through the glass of the orangery. Soldiers were on guard at all points. Suddenly, seeing the invited guests coming up for their meal, the soldiers made a dash for the building, broke in, and, before the eyes of the horrified Britons, gobbled up the feast. Something with boiling oil, it was expected, would be the fate of the delinquents. But the Man of Mystery made no sign. He provided a new lunch for his guests, and said nothing to the soldiers. Their turn to make amends came when he called upon them not many months afterwards to carry him to the throne.

"The Fourth" at Eton on the Sixth. Owing to the interposition of Bank Holiday, the Fourth of June is being celebrated at Eton to-day, June 6. It is Mr. Lyttelton's first "Fourth" as Headmaster, and there will be a specially big gathering of old Etonians of his own generation. Lord Curzon of Kedleston is to be present, and among the telegrams to be read out by the Head will be one from his Lordship's successor in the Viceroyalty of India, Lord Minto, and one from Lord Northcote, Governor-General of Australia. There have, however, been sad changes, from an Eton point of view, since last "Fourth." No longer does the Prime Minister boast himself—in the Homeric sense—to be an Etonian, and the great school is, perhaps for the first time, but poorly represented in the Cabinet. Sir Edward Grey is a Wykehamist, and Lord Crewe and Lord Tweedmouth are actually Harrovians. Only Lord Elgin and Mr. Gladstone are left to represent Eton in the inner circle of the Ministry, for it is useless to pretend that Mr. Burns ever studied beneath "Henry's holy shade"; while the two most cultivated members of the Cabinet, Mr. Haldane and Mr. Bryce, received their schooling at Edinburgh and Glasgow respectively.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack London.

Jack London, the American novelist, famous for his studies of the primeval in man and beast, is having a yacht built for him at Oakland, California, and is to go for a seven years' cruise round the world, gathering material for new stories. He was married recently, after having been divorced from his first wife, and Mrs. London will accompany him, together with a Boston student, who will act as secretary and one of the crew, and a Japanese cook. Mr. London is humorist as well as realist; on his home in San Francisco was a sign reading: "No admission except on business. No business transacted here"; and on the back door was the notice: "Please do not enter without knocking. Please do not knock."



A FAMOUS AMERICAN NOVELIST AND HIS WIFE:
MR. AND MRS. JACK LONDON.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack London are about to start on a seven years' yachting cruise round the world.

Photograph by the Boston Photo. News Company.

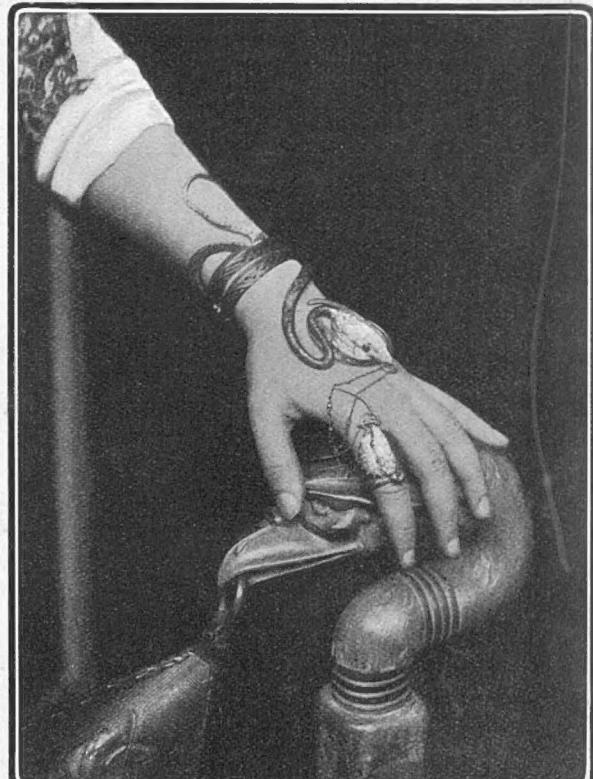
The French Derby. Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt is the first foreigner who has ever won the French Derby. Before the race began it seemed that all the luck was against him, as Prestige, the strongest of his stable, was not entered, owing to a technical error, and the jockey of Maintenon had met with an accident and could not ride. However, by a lucky thought, he put Percy Woodland, the steeplechaser of Auteuil, into the saddle, and Percy, as the event proved, was exactly the man for the job. Mr. Vanderbilt is as much a Parisian as Mr. Gordon Bennett, who came over to Europe for three weeks forty years ago, and has stayed here, with brief intervals, ever since. The French Derby resembles its English namesake but little. It is Ascot, not Epsom. The course itself is delightfully embedded in trees, and in the years gone by was one of the centres of aristocracy and fashion. With the coming of the Republic, the "monde" has become more democratic, but this is still the place to see the

latest Paris modes. To the English eye it looks more like an elegant garden-party than a race-meeting planned for sport. But, as a matter of fact, it combines both.

The Kaiser and the Cats.

Like Lord Roberts and other distinguished personages, the Kaiser has a dislike for cats, and it is said in Berlin that it is at his instigation that

the Municipality has placed a tax upon cats of all sorts. Every cat that has paid its tax has the right, and what is more, the duty, to wear a collar with a medallion certifying the fact. Those cats which do not bear the badge will be slain at sight by the police, though how they are to be killed is not stated. It can hardly be supposed that the German police will be required to chase the flying cats over the roofs of Berlin, but if they are to have free sporting rights over all the tabbies of the city, it is quite possible that some of the Berliners will suffer. Perhaps a special corps of cat-shooters will be established, chosen from those who have been kept awake o' nights by the melody of the housetops.



A BEAUTIFUL AND INGENIOUS JEWEL:
A RING-BRACELET.

The gold, ruby-eyed snake appears about to dart upon the scarabaeus which forms the ring.

Stereograph copyrighted by Underwood and Underwood, London and New York.



VISCOUNT KELBURNE,
Who was married to Miss Hyacinthe Bell last week.
Photograph by Speaight.

A Viscountess from Colorado. The wedding of Viscount Kelburne, R.N., eldest son and heir of the Earl of Glasgow, to Miss Hyacinthe Bell, daughter of the well-known Colorado millionaire, was celebrated with fitting circumstance last week at St. Mary's Church, Bletchingley. Lady Kelburne was much liked in the neighbourhood of her old Surrey home, Pendell Court, and has a most charming personality. Lord Kelburne is two-and-thirty, and first came before the general public some years ago when he jumped from the torpedo-boat he was commanding and saved a man who had fallen overboard.

A Military Marriage. Next Monday what promises to be a charming military wedding will take place at St. George's, Hanover Square. The bride is Miss Mai Osborne, the only daughter of the late Captain

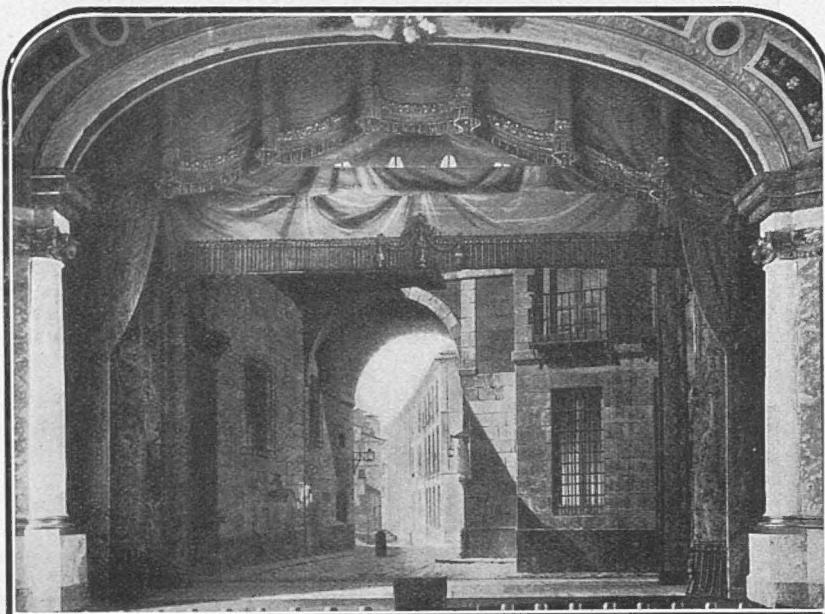
Osborne; the bridegroom is Mr. Stewart Dyer, D.S.O., of the 2nd Life Guards. Miss Osborne is well known in Hampshire society, her mother having a pretty place at Shanklin called The Hermitage.

"Skylarking" at Oxford. The mysterious "skylarking" which the authorities of Oxford University are at the present moment investigating must set Canon Tetley and his contemporaries laughing over an experience of their days at the same seat of learning. Greatly excited at finding himself in the list of "firsts," a worthy and till then irreproachable undergraduate climbed on to the high roof of his college and perched astride a huge stone ornament. It was a position of the direst peril, and the Provost, summoned to entice the wanderer down, had recourse to his most persuasive and conciliatory style. "Do pray come down; we all feel with you in your great success," he said. "No, you don't, old chap—you only got a third!" was the staggering but perfectly true rejoinder.

Paris Quacks. A congress has been sitting in Paris during the week to consider the question of quacks. The French capital abounds in them. Some



VISCOUNTESS KELBURNE,
Whose marriage took place last week.
Photograph by Bullingham.



THE SCENE OF THE THEATRICAL PERFORMANCE IN EL PARDO PALACE:
THE STAGE OF THE ROYAL THEATRE.

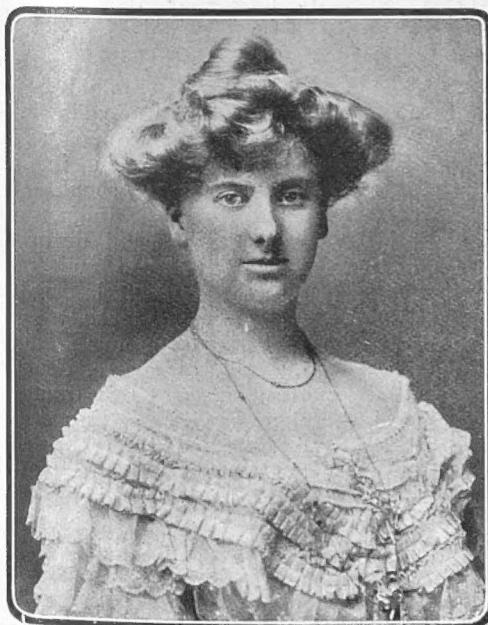
Queen Victoria of Spain (then still Princess Ena of Battenberg) and the King of Spain witnessed a rehearsal of the performance in the tiny theatre in El Pardo Palace on the Sunday before their wedding. The actual performance took place on the Tuesday, after the reception of the Prince and Princess of Wales and other royalties.

Photograph by Franzen.

of the unlicensed researchers, such as Pasteur and Metchnikoff (neither of whom is to be numbered amongst the doctors), have done marvellous work for science, whilst others are the merest charlatans. The competition is so terrible for the recognised healers that the most qualified is very likely to starve whilst the herbalist and the curer by suggestion make a large fortune. One doctor in the quarter of Grenelle was so struck with this disagreeable fact that he put his diploma in his pocket and resolved to practice as a "natural healer." A complaint was made against him by the medical profession, and he was haled before the Bench. "I am a doctor—here is my certificate," he said to the magistrate; "but, above all, do not tell anybody, otherwise my practice would be ruined."

From Peking to Piccadilly. Sir E. M. Satow, the retiring British Minister to China, who called at Tokio on his way home, and was received with special honour by the Mikado and all his old friends there, is an extraordinarily able man. The son of a German father and an English mother, he illustrates the law that

children of mixed nationalities have better brains than those who prefer to have both their parents of the same stock. Short of stature, with iron-grey hair, Sir Ernest has a hard, shrewd face, and the lines of his nose and jaw bespeak his unfaltering determination. Oddly enough, he hails from Mill Hill School, that nursery of the Nonconformist conscience, and it is forty-five years since he landed in Japan as a student-interpreter. At this moment no living Englishman knows more about our game little allies than he; indeed, when he was British Minister in Tokio it was suspected that they would rather have had a man who did not know quite so much! He has the utmost contempt for books on Japan; he will tell you that there is not one that gives a correct notion of the country and the people. In art he places the Chinese above the Japanese, but he is enthusiastic in praise of Japanese acting and music.



MISS MAI OSBORNE,
Who is to marry Mr. Stewart Dyer on the 11th.
Photograph by Thomson.



MR. STEWART DYER,
Who is to marry Miss Mai Osborne on the 11th.
Photograph by Thomson.

THE PLAYWRIGHT AS HIS OWN DRAMATIC CRITIC.

Mr. Michael Morton's Views of "Colonel Newcome."

IN his speech on the first night of "Colonel Newcome" Mr. Tree said, "I think we have won." I think so too. Certainly, one must go a long distance back, even in the history of enthusiastic first nights at His Majesty's Theatre, to recall one on which the audience expressed its appreciation in as demonstrative a manner. This was all the more gratifying to everyone concerned in the production of "Colonel Newcome," seeing that a prejudice—a very strong prejudice—had been expressed in certain quarters against the dramatisation of an admittedly great work and the presentation on the stage of such a beautiful character as the Colonel. It was even said that it was irreverent to put him on the stage. If the highest is to be denied to the dramatist, is he to be forced to content himself with only what is lowest and least worthy in humanity? The suggestion is alarming. Personally, I should ask whether it is not better to present on the stage a figure admittedly far above us, up to which it is necessary for us to look, and so present an ideal. On this assumption I think I should be commended and encouraged for the work, which, I am free to admit, I should not take up to-day. I was very much younger than I am when the idea came to me to make a play out of "The Newcomes." I had always been fascinated by Thackeray's characterisation in general, and, as is the case with a good many other people, Colonel Newcome attracted me more than any other. I actually began to work on the play six years ago. It had reached a certain process of evolution, and remained there until I met Mr. Tree about three years ago in connection with the production of "Resurrection." I said to myself, "Here is my Colonel Newcome." After the production of "Resurrection" I suggested the play to him. Mr. Tree remarked that he had always loved the character, although no one had ever taken a play on the subject to him. I said that some day I might bring him such a play, but nothing more was thought of it, for other work of mine intervened. Then the moment became opportune. I saw my way to the completion of the manuscript, and one day, some eight weeks or so ago, I went to Mr. Tree and said, "I want to read 'Colonel Newcome' to you, for I have finished the play." "Will you read it to-night?" said Mr. Tree. I agreed, and at midnight we began the reading. At six o'clock in the morning he said, "I will take that play." At ten o'clock his business manager arrived, and our contract was agreed upon. In two or three days we had begun the rehearsals, so that the play was accepted and produced in quicker time than Mr. Tree had ever done one before.

All during the rehearsals our aim was not to produce a discordant note, for one is so easily sounded in a theatrical production, especially when it deals with characters which are well known. To touch further upon the question of "irreverence," I may say that in my opinion nothing brought to the stage can be regarded in that light so long as it receives reverent treatment. All of us who were concerned in the production brought to the work a reverence for Thackeray and the creations of his genius, just like everybody else. We reverence the things that everybody else reverences. Even Bishops come to the theatre now to preach the gospel. Understand, however, that I do

not claim to have anything to preach. My desire was to set "Colonel Newcome" in proper dramatic form. Whether I have failed or succeeded everyone must decide for himself. The thing which moved me most on this night of many excitements was meeting Mrs. Ritchie (Miss Thackeray), and receiving her congratulations. This, to me, is a complete vindication of my work from the charge of irreverence which was brought against it before I had the opportunity of being heard.

So far as the form of the play is concerned, I am perfectly prepared to admit that it is not the form of the book. The form of a book and the form of a play are two different things. There is, however, nothing in the play which is not suggested in the

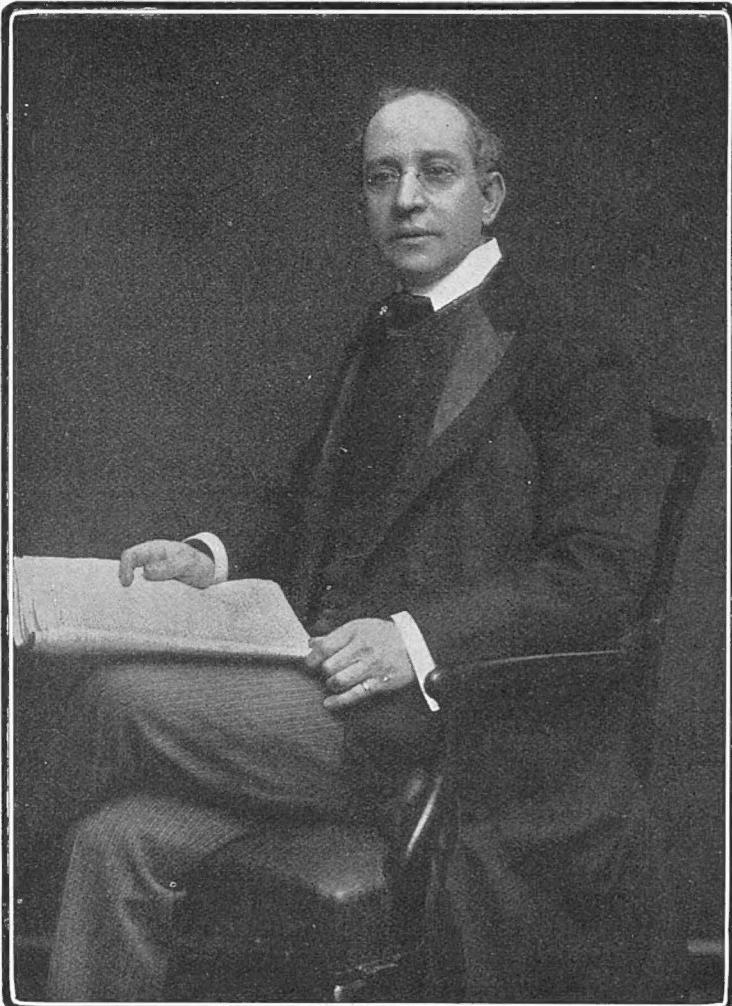
book, though I have taken the liberty of developing dramatically in the play certain ideas which Thackeray had developed differently in the novel. This aspect of the case was wittily touched upon by Mrs. Tree, who, when the subject was first broached, remarked, "It is a beautiful subject, but if you want to make a play of 'The Newcomes' you must Adsum."

On the other hand, as I have said, I am indebted to Thackeray for everything in the play. Dramatic dialogue spoken on the stage is a musical scale. It must be, or the actor could not speak it, and the dramatist could not make his effect on the audience. Still, with all due respect to the deep students of Thackeray and his works who have said that I have omitted his words, I should say that I have used a great deal of his dialogue, even though I have had to adjust it to the dramatic scale.

That one should be criticised for omitting much of the novel is undoubtedly. It was to be expected. What, however, would be the result if one tried to satisfy all the readers of "The Newcomes"? They want the early stage of the Colonel's career, and they want to see all the different branches of the family. The play would begin, say, with the Colonel's love-story, and show him as a charming young man in the first act; then we should take the audience to India, with

the Colonel fighting the battles of his country, and during a period of twenty-five years we should be running to and from England to India. We should have an entertainment lasting six days and six nights; in other words, we should make a very suitable play for a Chinese theatre. I think by so doing I might be able to satisfy all the readers, who would, of course, demand one ticket to admit them to all the performances of this dramatic serial. In this way we might, I think, succeed in getting everything Thackeray has in his book, and so satisfy everybody but Thackeray himself, who was a great lover of the theatre, and I am sure, if he knew his subject had been taken, would like to see it treated properly in dramatic form.

So far as the acting is concerned, I do not feel called upon to speak; but I may say that Mr. Tree more than realised my expectations, though never for a moment was there any doubt in my mind of his giving a great performance of the part. I feel that for the success of the play I am indebted to him and the talented company of artists who do so much to create and maintain the old-world atmosphere in which Colonel Newcome moves.



THE AUTHOR OF "COLONEL NEWCOME": MR. MICHAEL MORTON.

Photograph by Langfier.

"ALTOGETHER YOUNGER."



MLLE. ROSARIO GUERRERO, THE FAMOUS SPANISH DANCER AND PANTOMIMIST,
WHO HAS JUST RETURNED TO THE PALACE THEATRE.

La Guerrero has returned to the Palace, and is appearing in a new pantomime-play, "The Daughter of the Mountain." It is said that "since her last visit to this country she has, by a course of treatment, reduced her weight, so that her figure is now remarkably lithe, and she looks altogether younger than she did before."



By E. A. B.

Concerning "The Fourth." To-day being the sixth of June, it is "The Fourth" at Eton, a fact upon which we comment also in "Small-Talk of the Week." The reason, of course, is that the proper date fell upon Bank Holiday, and to have had every Tom, Dick, and Harry who chose to be there making night hideous would have been intolerable. King Demos is responsible for many changes in our customs. But for him the West End need not have sought the excitement of week-end ballooning; it could still have felt the thrill which belongs to one not too *blasé* for such emotion upon seeing a man hanged by the neck. Tyburn might still have been the place for criminals to execute their last dance, had not the mob, finding the spectacle so attractive, made life in that part of the world unbearable for residents. It was the mob, too, which helped to bring in Speech Day at Harrow. Formerly an archery tournament was the annual festival, but it brought such a band of "profligate and disorderly persons" to Harrow that the tournament was abandoned and speeches substituted. The accidental shooting of a spectator may have assisted the reform.

The Unlawful Procession of Boats. It is more remarkable than the birthday of George III. which "The Fourth" commemorates. It was long an established fiction that nothing occurred without the school walls to make the day memorable. Lock-up for the day would be extended for the Oppidans from 8.45 to 10 p.m. "I cannot see why," Keate would say, "but I suppose there must be a cricket match." What was to happen, as he knew, was the procession of boats and the fireworks display. These were unlawful, though all the arrangements had been submitted to and passed by him. When, in 1831, the King invited Keate to witness the procession, the flogging Head excused himself on the ground that he did not know that such an event was to take place. The guests who left for the boats were, he supposed, going to the donkey-races on Dorney Common. All of which, of course, was part of the system by which boys had to do the forbidden thing not seeing, or being seen, by their masters; which system had its climax in the encounter between a master and a boy who was eating an ice in a shop out of bounds. The boy shut one eye, held up his ice-spoon before the other—and all was well.

The Origin of Titles.

We have heard so much discussion lately of the origin of degrees borne by public men that it might be interesting to investigate the origin of some of the titles in the Peerage. Disraeli conferred one, it is said, in return for the finding by a disciple of his (Disraeli's) lost eyeglass. One man got a baronetcy from the Party Whip by threatening that

without it he would not go into the division lobby. An hereditary title was conferred upon a man who would not otherwise part with a picture which it was desired to add to a royal collection. Yet another got an Irish peerage as solatium for a right-of-way which was denied him. He wished to cut a drive from his house into St. James's Park. Permission could not be granted: the precedent was too risky. "You must do without the carriage-drive," the Minister of the day informed him; "but even without it you would look wonderfully well with an Irish peerage." The placated one agreed, and that is how the title "Lord Milford" found its way into Debrett.



FOR THE RICH MAN'S TABLE: NETTING QUAILS IN EGYPT.

Our illustration shows quails caught in the grey string nets that are spread at certain seasons of the year right along the northern and southern shores of the Mediterranean. The first netting takes place when the quails pass from their breeding-grounds to the south in autumn, the second when they pass from the south to their breeding-grounds in the spring. The nets are spread in their line of flight, and the birds are attracted in various fashions. Sometimes artificial calls are used with great effect, while in certain parts of the Greek Archipelago a far more cruel method is adopted, for the first of the quails to arrive are caught, blinded, and set in cages in the sun. They begin to sing, and the vast quail armies that follow are arrested by the song and seek to find whence it comes. Quails travel in male packs and female packs, the males going first.

Photograph by Bonfils.

one which the Hon. Frederick Leveson-Gower noted on the occasion of his visit to St. Petersburg for the coronation of Alexander II. One regiment of soldiers, called the Paulovski, consisted of men with turned-up noses. It was the fashion, Mr. Leveson-Gower tells us in his charming "Reminiscences," to compose regiments of men having similar physical features. The late Emperor had had sent to him men chosen solely by their looks. The consequence was that one regiment was formed wholly of soldiers deeply pitted by small-pox. But the snub-nosed men seemed to be under suspicion. It is ill-luck to the Tsar if a man sneezes in his presence. Apparently the officer of the Paulovskis doubted his men, for, just before the royal cortège hove in sight, he made them, at the word of command, with solemnity and violence—blow their noses.

Nose Drill. The brilliant, and in some respects novel, festivities in connection with the wedding of the King of Spain have not, after all, produced any feature so remarkable as

† † OUR WONDERFUL WORLD ! † †



AN ANGEL THAT HAS KILLED THREE MEN.

The correspondent who sends us this photograph affirms that it shows the marble statue of an angel that fell in the Cathedral at Lucca the other day, and killed one of the cleaners employed there. "This," adds the correspondent, "is the third time that this particular statue has fallen and caused fatal injuries to cleaners in the Cathedral."



AN EX-QUEEN WHO, IT IS SAID, IS TO MARRY A WINE-GROWER.

Ranavalona, ex-Queen of Madagascar, is, it is said, about to marry a wealthy wine-grower of Oran. It is understood that should she really wish to do so, the French Colonial Office would readily give its consent. Last year the ex-Queen received a proposal from a prominent barrister in Algiers.



THE HUMOROUS SIDE OF THE SAN FRANCISCO DISASTER: THE EARTH: "I HOPE I SHALL NEVER HAVE ONE OF THOSE SPLITTING HEADACHES AGAIN."

The tragic side of the San Francisco disaster has been told and illustrated to its fullest extent, but the humorous side has been somewhat neglected up to the present, perhaps naturally enough, for it takes time to see the comedy that so often lies in tragedy. "Judge," the well-known American paper, now steps into the breach with the amusing drawing here reproduced, an excellent example of the cartoons for which our cousins in the United States are responsible.



TO BE SLAIN DURING THE WARWICK PAGEANT: THE FAMOUS DUN COW, WHICH WILL BE KILLED BY THE LEGENDARY HERO, GUY OF WARWICK.

Warwick is to hold its pageant during the first week of next month, and one of the features of this will be the slaying of the dun cow, which will be made to breathe smoke and flames, by Guy of Warwick, whose most popular feat was the killing of the giant Colbrand, the Danish champion, with whom he fought a duel to decide the war between Athlesian and the Danes who were besieging him at Winchester.—[Photograph supplied by W. H. Bowman.]

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

THE FRENCH THEATRE—"COLONEL NEWCOME."

IT is an excellent idea of Mr. Gaston Mayer to begin the summer season of the French Theatre at the Royalty with three weeks of M. Coquelin. The illustrious comedian has long been a great favourite with our public. The present generation only knows of Got as a name, and for long years has accepted Coquelin as the male representative of the French stage. Nor can anyone, after seeing him in "La Joie Fait Peur" and "Les Romanesques," be surprised at his popularity, since it is obvious to everybody that he is amazingly clever and skilful and has an extraordinary knowledge of the art of employing talents to the greatest advantage, whilst his elocution is perfect—from a professorial point of view. I can imagine that if he were here all the year round the critics would get a little tired, and even sigh for someone less obviously brilliant; but such an observation has nothing to do with the present case. Certainly he is in excellent form, and both as Noel, in the super-pathetic "La Joie Fait Peur," and in that triumph of the artificial, "Les Romanesques," delighted the house. From the two plays it was not possible to form a clear idea of the strength of the company, but one could at least see that Mlle. Fanny Aubel is a charming actress and that Madame Bouchetal is a player of very considerable merit.

It may be presumed that some Thackeray worshippers are writhing with wrath at the alleged desecration of "The Newcomes" caused by the presentation of "Colonel Newcome" at His Majesty's. "The Newcomes" is not the best or most popular of the Carthusian's novels, though in the chivalrous old officer it presents a masterly, immortal picture of a courteous, amiable gentleman, a picture peculiarly admirable in that the author goes boldly to the very border-line between the pathetic and the gushingly sentimental and stops at the right moment. With infinite care and immense skill, by employment chiefly of fine strokes, he has created one of the most solid and attractive figures in fiction. It is hardly surprising, then, that a playwright modestly conscious of a lack of original power should seek to take advantage of this creation and try to transfer it to the stage, though it was natural for the experienced to doubt the artistic success of the venture, seeing the radical difference between the technique of the novel and the drama. Where the author of "Vanity Fair" took hundreds of pages and demanded about two days' reading so that the desired effects should be obtained, the author of "The Little Stranger" has but a few pages and two hours or so at his command. The anticipations of the

experienced were justified. Mr. Michael Morton's play is by no means a saturated solution of Thackeray, but, instead, an intensely diluted decoction. A literary man, if he had accepted the task—which is doubtful—might have given some style to his work. "Colonel Newcome" is mere fustian commonplace. The Carthusian worshippers may well complain: between them and the book they love will always come the waxwork figures of the play; for those who have seen the piece "The Newcomes" is dead.

Do many people read Thackeray's works nowadays, except, perhaps, "Vanity Fair" and "Esmond"? If not, no great mischief has been done. Mr. Morton's piece does not belittle the novelist by giving an unfair idea of the spirit of the book—it gives none. Judged on its merits, the work is of no great account, but by its pictures of mid-Victorian life, theatrical episodes, and mass of sentiment it will afford pleasure to many—probably to the people who shun Thackeray as too cynical. There is a fairly coherent story, with strong "ups and downs," including one of the pathetic death-scenes in which some people delight; a comic lancers, danced outside the ball-room, which may be regarded as the gem of the piece, though hardly a brilliant of first water; several quarrels, a number of quaint costumes, and a picture novel to the stage of the pensioners of Charterhouse. Mr. Max Beerbohm, an old Carthusian, must have groaned at the Cockney accent of the Gownboy!

Moreover, if the original be left out of the question, the drama contains a rather striking and effective figure in the Anglo-Indian Colonel, cleverly presented by Mr. Beerbohm Tree. Apart from names, facts, and borrowed phrases, I think no one would have identified the character; but the person is picturesque, and, owing to the actor's skill in using his physical advantages, had no little dignity. The Colonel may not be one of Mr. Tree's triumphs, but it is interesting as showing how much can be done by art to surmount serious obstacles. Mrs. Tree caused very much laughter by her skittish scenes as "the Old Campaigner." She got on my nerves a little at first, for I do not think that Rosey's mother was at all like that, but afterwards one accepted her as skilfully representing a strange comic creature. "F. B." was disappointing; still, Mr. Lyn Harding acted very well, and had a capital make-up—the trouble was that he seemed always about to do something important and never did; and the same may be said concerning Pendennis, dragged about as one of the crowd which accompanied the principal characters throughout with the touching fidelity of Mary's little lamb. The Farintosh of Mr. Sydney Brough delighted the house, though the picture of the noisy, drunken, middle-aged cad seemed curiously irrelevant. Mr. Norman Forbes, the Barnes—a mere villain from polite melodrama—certainly acted cleverly. And Clive and the delightful Ethel, and the tender picture of the elderly—indeed, old—Leonore? Mere shadows. Miss Marion Terry was charming, if recklessly youthful, taking a mean advantage of the non-disclosure of her middle-aged son; but she had little to do save be sweetly sentimental; and Miss Braithwaite, with the most remarkable change of nature during an entr'acte that I can call to mind, acted ably, but could not fill an empty part; whilst Mr. Basil Gill's task consisted mainly



MISS MARY MOORE,
who is appearing in
her original part in
"Mrs. Gorringe's
Necklace" at the
Coronet this week.
*Photograph by the Dover
Street Studios.*



THE STAGE GOVERNESS WHOSE DRESS HAS CAUSED SO MUCH COMMENT: MISS MARCELLE CHEVALIER, WHO IS PLAYING MLLÉ. THOMÉ IN "HIS HOUSE IN ORDER."

Mlle. Chevalier plays the French governess in Mr. Pinero's play at the St. James's, and the elaborate nature of the stage dresses she wears has caused a good deal of comment. Many argue that no governess could afford to dress as she does, and, moreover, that even if she could, a family as pharisaical as the Ridgeleys would not permit her to flaunt so many fine feathers.

Photograph by Bassano.

of walking about and talking gloomily. Mr. W. H. Day as the Butler appeared to be one of the most vivid persons—he acted cleverly, and had a little bit of "fat." Nevertheless, the applause was hearty, and there were cheers and calls, and loud laughter was heard.

AND HE WAS GOING TO ASK FOR WORK!



WILLIAM WEARY (who was about to enter the yard and ask for work, when he read the "hands" notice again, and stopped in time) ;
Great jimminy! I thought it said, "No 'ands wanted"!

THE GREAT LADIES' CRUSADE AGAINST THE MATINÉE HAT.



THE LITTLE THEATRE HATS THE LADIES PREFER.

Paris is exceedingly busy asking herself whether the large matinée hat should be allowed in the theatre or no. The Comtesse de Greffulhe has so far interested herself in the matter that she has started a League to encourage the wearing of the little hat, and many great ladies are supporting her. The photographs on this page show hats made by the Comtesse de Talleyrand, the Comtesse Récopé, the Comtesse de Fels, the Marquise de Jaucourt, and the Comtesse de Guerne (reading downward). The drawings illustrate hats made by the Comtesse Greffulhe, Princesse de Lulinge, the Duchesse de Fezensac, the Duchesse de Guiche, and Mme. Guillaume Beer.

THE GREAT LADIES' CRUSADE AGAINST THE MATINÉE HAT.



THE LITTLE THEATRE HATS THE MILLINERS PREFER.

On this page we show examples of the "little hat" created by famous French milliners, working in sympathy with the Comtesse de Greffulhe's League. Both the hats made by the aristocratic members of the "League of Little Hats" and those made by milliners were exhibited at a recent bazaar in Paris, and fetched excellent prices.



BY S. L. BENSUSAN.

Backward Birds. I am inclined to think that this is going to be a very late year for birds, and, unless the weather improves, a very bad one as well. I have already had one or two reports from home counties and from Scotland, and in every case it would seem that laying was from a fortnight to a month later than it should have been. This may not affect the young broods if the weather should prove favourable while the parents are setting and when the time comes for hatching out, because, with few exceptions, game birds can make a fair fight against climatic conditions that are not too severe. Unfortunately, the nesting time has been most unfavourable, and many parts of the country have still to see real summer weather. Further trouble is caused by the fact that most men cannot vary the dates of their holiday in order to adapt themselves to a late season. I suppose a very considerable part of the shooting in this country is done by sportsmen who have work of some sort or another that claims their attention, and they look to find grouse ready for the guns on the 12th of August, and partridges fairly forward by the beginning of September, because after their first spell of holiday-making they cannot shoot more than one or two days in the week. If the young birds are backward, so much the worse for the young birds. At the same time, it must be acknowledged that cheepers are fit neither for the gun nor the game-bag.

Late Birds and Early Gunners. There is a fairly general belief that if you do not shoot your birds as soon as you are allowed to they will stray upon the land of people who are less particular; but as far as I have been able to see, the reverse is the case. Land that is left quiet is far more likely to attract birds from outlying places, because when the parents of a young covey hear the guns they seek to withdraw their family to quieter corners with as little delay as possible. In late seasons the parents are watching carefully over the coveys at the time when shooting begins, and are prompt to lead them out of the firing zone. Men who in late seasons postpone their grouse-shooting until the last few days of August, and leave their partridges until September is waning, often obtain far better sport than those who believe that Nature accommodates her arrangements to the wisdom of the Legislature. May's severity has not only prejudiced the grouse, the partridge, and the wild pheasant; red deer have suffered considerably, and an old Scotsman of my acquaintance who knows a great deal about the Highland forests has written to say that the season will disappoint most sportsmen, because the worst days came at the most critical season.

Wanted, a British Game Preserve! I was interested the other day by a correspondent's suggestion that the Government should preserve a large tract of country in these islands on the lines that are followed at Yellowstone Park, in the United States. The suggestion is well worth attention,

because it shows that people are beginning to realise the advantages of preserving the birds and beasts that are not likely to survive unaided the attentions lavished upon them by unintelligent gamekeepers and Cockney sportsmen. At the same time, Great Britain has no room for a Yellowstone Park, and has very little to put there. Such wild-life as remains in these islands can be best preserved by wealthy land-owners who are not fond of destruction for its own sake. I have pointed out before in this place that such efforts are being made to-day, and that in the Highlands of Scotland some deer-forests are let now with restrictions in favour of rare birds. The animals that stand most in need of protection are the wild cat—which is being exterminated ruthlessly in many parts of the Highlands and will soon be extinct—the pine-marten and the badger, while in a lesser degree the otter and the hare would be the better for a little legislation in their favour. But it is always open for any landowner to declare that his woods shall be a sanctuary for wild life of every description, and, as many land-proprietors take great interest in natural history, it is at least likely that there will be considerably more protection in the future than there has been in the past. An attempt to turn any large area into a national park for the benefit of fauna of this country would inevitably be received with disapproval by those who complain even now that deer-forests have injured the farming industry in the Highlands.



A PLACE OF WORSHIP ON A CRICKET-FIELD : THE CHURCH BELONGING TO GIGGLESWICK GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

This imposing building stands on the cricket-field at Giggleswick, in Yorkshire. It is the church erected at a cost of £30,000, and presented to Giggleswick Grammar School by a former "old boy." It is a striking object in the landscape, seen for miles around, and the interior, magnificently decorated in marble and cedar-wood, makes it one of the most beautiful churches in the land.

Photograph by W. H. Knowles.



IRELAND'S PATRON SAINT HONOURED IN LANCASHIRE : THE REMAINS OF AN ANCIENT ORATORY TO ST. PATRICK AT HEYSHAM.

It is not generally known that Morecambe, the popular holiday resort, possesses an extremely ancient ruin. On a projecting rock near the old church at Heysham was erected an oratory to St. Patrick, probably at an early period of the Saxon era, measuring only 24 feet in length and 7 feet in width. The mortar, consisting principally of burnt sea-shells, is still hard and indissoluble. As there was no earth on the summit of the hill to cover a body, excavations were made in the rock, exactly like coffins, with grooves for the covers and sockets at the head for crosses.

Photograph by W. H. Knowles.

The Price of Horses. Most people would expect to find the value of horses going down very steadily in consequence of the advent of the motor-car. I confess that I was surprised to find prices ruling very high at a country sale a week ago. Nearly every animal possessing a head, a tail, and four tolerably sound legs fetched a sum which seemed to be rather in excess of its ordinary market worth, and one or two men who attended with the intention of securing bargains returned home with their money in their pockets. I asked one or two friends if they could account for this curious state of things, and the explanation in each case was simple, not to say obvious. I was assured that since the motor has come to stay, men have been less anxious to raise horses, and that the supplies available for country sales diminish steadily. On this account, I was assured, it is likely that prices will be maintained; and even when standard motor-cars are upon the market at prices that do not travel far into three figures, the horse will tend to find his market and his money. At the same time, nearly every country house that is put up to let for the summer months nowadays boasts some sort of garage, and it is undeniable that many houses that were almost unmarketable a few years ago, because of their distance from the railhead, are now in demand, because a motor-car reduces the journey to insignificance, and those who seek the countryside can obtain the privacy that adds so greatly to its charm.

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"THE MAN RECOVERED OF THE BITE—
THE DOG IT WAS THAT DIED."



LADY (to VET.): Oh! Mr. Smith. Poor dear, brave Fido bit a horrid man an hour ago. Do you think my darling will die?

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.

NOVELS IN A NUTSHELL.

McALISTER.

I have no heart for the brave part
I used so well to play—
The men I know through the city go;
I have dropped clean away.
They know not me, but ghost of me,
That walks the streets alone,
All groping blind for my dead kind,
And vainly for my own.—THE RETURN.

IN the long run, youth must always pay the penalty for living as life should be lived, according to the first clear view of youth.

Wherefore McAlister, after some three pretty years, dropped away—was blotted out. He paid with the penalty of a weak heart and a residue of a few odd pounds where once were hundreds. Let it be said in justice to McAlister that he went straight and clean while he was running; second, that he was crushed financially by a manner of sharp dealing that was peculiarly nasty (on the part of one called Bryant); third, that when she knew he had dropped, a girl held out her arms for him, vainly, till they were quite tired. This last was, perhaps, the greatest of these three.

McAlister went to live in Brussels—Cité de la Chaussée. I know of only two more places more like hell for a man who has known and loved uncrooked streets and men and ways to live in. There—even bread is a thing for which you grope eagerly when you have really felt the whip of Chance—he acquired patiently, with mourning, and for a time in utter terror, a capacity for the work of slaves.

Strangely enough, one of his burdens helped him greatly in the bearing of the others. This was his abiding hate of Bryant, who (chiefly) had brought him there. Sitting of an evening in his room, while below Madame the Laundress shuffled noisily on her way to and from the long washing-shed, he went through the “downing” of Bryant methodically, over and over again. Some three schemes for his revenge (out of about thirty-six laborious others) he put down on paper.

When the Brussels Exhibition came—this is told of a time gone by—McAlister got a job at one of the stalls, not far from where they handed you the damp halfpenny paper after its orderly riot through a city of machines. McAlister had curious experiences there, for many English came to the Exhibition, and some that he had known passed him. And the sight of them put flame to his trodden soul. He would go back, by God; and for a month he would flare and live again, then flicker and go. It was on the very day he vowed this to himself that two Englishmen, strangers, stopped for a long time near his stall, talking confidentially of two things, and one of them was Bryant and his affairs. They took no notice of McAlister, because he was a Frenchman; but McAlister was shouting in his heart. For

their talk of Bryant's present position was the key to the second of his three schemes.

McAlister worked with infinite toil, all day and all night, varying this with all day and half the night, to get money for the chapter that should be his own. To his credit again, there was one fellow at home to whom he might have written, but he would not. If he had written he would have learned that his friend was dead, but this does not alter it at all.

So he came home. It was not so long, after all, since he had dropped; and he was not sanguine, but he reckoned to find, say, half a dozen whom he had known. He found more than that, and he wished he had not spoken to them. Big men, now, were some of these.

Cattlin was a fellow he had liked neutrally in the dead time, never particularly caring for him or desiring his company. It was Cattlin who took McAlister home, pitying and wondering at his drawn face and the fire in his eyes. It was Cattlin who bucked him up and gave all his time to him and his project concerning Bryant, which McAlister could not work himself, but with which Cattlin entirely sympathised; it was Cattlin, in short, who, greatly pitying, as I have said, tried hard to make this shadow of the old McAlister feel himself a man. But it was not to be. Cattlin failed.

Wonderful to relate, the girl might have done it. The girl would have done it, for although she had dropped her arms, she was perfectly ready to stretch them out again for one man—McAlister. So that if Cattlin had known her, he could have worked it very easily. But he did not know. McAlister never told him. McAlister was always telling himself he would find out the girl and go to her; but as a matter of fact, after his rebuffs from other friends, he was afraid. So he kept on telling himself that he would find out where she was to-morrow. But when to-morrow came he did not stir to try and find her, but kept silent. Perhaps the daylight frightened him.

All honour to Cattlin; he did not give up trying for a month.

Cattlin took the stairs three at a time, and the handle clattered as he flung himself at the door. McAlister sat in the streaming path of the sunlight, his arms upon the table and his head upon his arms.

“It's right!” cried Cattlin. “McAlister, old man, you were right in what you said. Bryant's broken—broken into little pieces—and it's all come round for you once more, old chap. Everybody will know it was Bryant, and not you. Why, the beggar's gone to sleep.... Wake up, McAlister!”

But McAlister walked gladly with a friend—and the name of the friend was Death.

THE IDEALIST.

BY A. B. AGACIO.

HE was young and enthusiastic and had his own views of life—views with which he found few to agree. Moreover, he was a poet.

She was older by ten or fifteen years. She had at first listened good-naturedly to his ravings, had taken a kindly interest in the productions of his pen, and had eventually learned to love the impulsive idealist.

He came to see her frequently. She was one of the very few to whom he could pour out his hopes and sorrows, and the bond of sympathy between them attracted him to her side, so that she became his confidant in all things. He told her all his great schemes for the reformation of society, for the amelioration of the lot of the poor, and for the better recognition of men of letters. He was periodically fired with some new idea, and was always about to do some great thing that would make him known among his fellow-men. And she encouraged him in his aspirations.

One day a picture in a City shop caught his eye, and he stood for more than an hour gazing at the exquisite profile of an intellectual face crowned by a mass of golden-brown hair. The great wide-open eyes held him in thrall, and he would have bought the picture at once but for the fact that he had no money.

That night he wrote an ode to the beautiful stranger, and all night long he dreamed that he was walking through a pretty, old-world garden hand-in-hand with the owner of the wondrous eyes and hair. Next day he went to the shop again and got the name of the painter, one Paul Descamps, of whom nothing was known except that he lived in Paris.

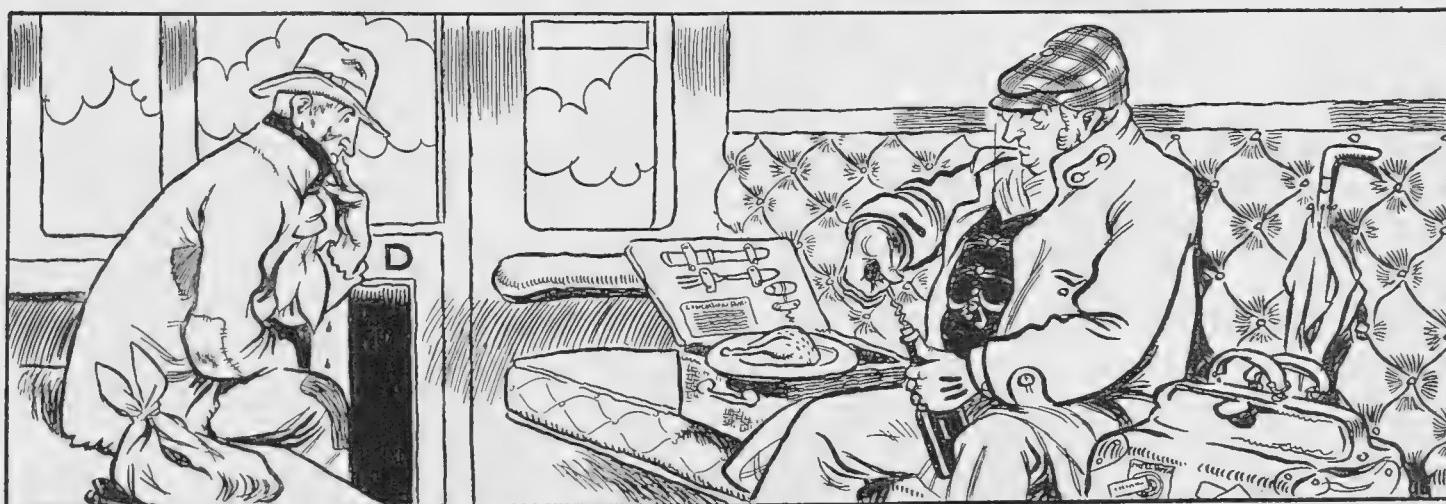
In the evening he called upon his friend and told her of his discovery, describing in glowing terms the marvellous beauty of the face in the picture. He read her the lines he had written, and her features twitched with pain. Latterly she had been persuading herself that, much older as she was, he was beginning to care for her.

[Continued overleaf.]

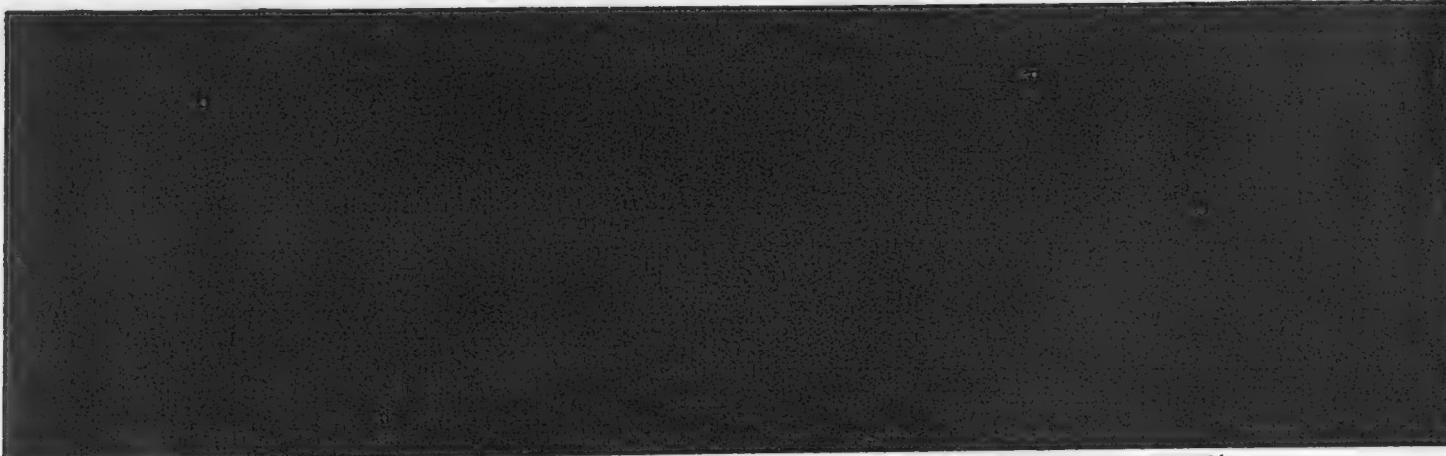
ANOTHER TUNNEL TRAGEDY.



"I THINK IT IS ABOUT LUNCH TIME"



"I WONDER WHAT KIND OF CLARET THEY GIVE YOU IN THESE BASKETS?"



"BOTHER THIS TUNNEL!"



"WELL, I'M BLOWED!"

Rene Bull

THE STORY OF THE LUNCHEON-BASKET AND LUCKY JIM.

DRAWN BY RENE BULL.

beginning as she had begun to care for him years ago, little by little, until the whole powers of her heart and soul were wrapped up in him.

When he had gone, she gave way to her grief and cried herself to sleep. But she was up early in the morning and wrote two notes, which she despatched hastily by her maid.

He had worked far into the night on a new story, so he arose late. His first visit was to the shop where the subject of his romance lay. As he reached the window, he stopped short. The picture had gone! He had not anticipated this: he had overlooked the fact that picture-dealers trade merely for gain, and do not keep shops to satisfy the artistic cravings of the multitude. He had imagined that he could come here day after day and worship his idol. Suddenly a happy thought struck him. The window might have been rearranged and his darling relegated to a minor position inside: these traffickers in art are mere soulless beings.

So he went in boldly and asked to see the picture, but the attendant did not remember any such painting, nor did the name of Paul Descamps sound familiar to him. But he made inquiries and found that the picture had been sold that morning. The purchaser had paid cash and had taken it away immediately, leaving no address. He made a point of asking the address of the buyer, so that he might call and get permission, perhaps, to see the lovely face sometimes. Now he was baffled completely.

He walked the streets all the rest of the afternoon, thinking vainly that he might meet the new owner taking home his treasure, but not one person did he see with anything resembling the framework of the lost one.

He climbed up to his lodgings in deep depression, and went to bed without even troubling to light the lamp. In his sleep he had visions of the picture, and when he woke he fancied he saw it facing him, but he closed his eyes again to brood over his disappointment.

When he did get up he started as if he had received an electric shock. There in front of him was the very picture! He must still be dreaming: it was impossible that a miracle had taken place! He rubbed his eyes and pulled up the blind. The sun was streaming in at the open window, and shone full on the golden-brown hair. He lifted it up and laughed aloud; then, poet-like, he kissed the lovely image.

But how came it there? He questioned the landlady, who, however, could only tell him that it had been brought the day before, while he was out, by a man who left no message.

He went over to see his old friend first thing. She expected him, and was dressed with extra care. She had on a new dress of an artistic blue, a blue that he liked, and she expected him to compliment her on it. But he was full of the present he had received in so mysterious a manner, and the pleasure of seeing him so happy almost compensated for the loss of the looked-for compliment.

She was about to give him a hint as to the identity of the unknown purchaser, when he unfolded a plan he had formed. He was going to Paris to seek out Paul Descamps, and to find the original of the portrait. He would remain in Paris until he had found his ideal; then he would marry her, and they would live a life such as no man and woman had ever lived before.

Her face blanched. She knew it was useless to argue with him on his folly, so she merely listened.

Three weeks later she received a letter dated from the Rue Gay Lussac,

stating that he had found Paul Descamps, but giving no further particulars.

He had searched in all the museums and art-galleries, and eventually got information which enabled him to discover the painter in a mean little studio near the Sorbonne, a withered little man with a kind face who did his utmost to assist his visitor in his search. But it was fifteen years since he painted the picture. He remembered the girl, a handsome grisette, who sat for every young artist in the Quartier who essayed to portray the beautiful in woman.

The poet nearly lost control of himself at this. He would have liked to kill the little man for even suggesting such a thing. It was a lie, of course. His darling never exhibited her charms to mincing tricksters of the brush. She was all love and beauty, a veritable fairy, and this old painter was jealous because he had her portrait.

By dint of great perseverance he got to know that she left the district several years before, and went to Montmartre, whence he traced her to the Quai des Orfèvres. He hastened down to the riverside with all speed. The number given to him was a small restaurant with little red curtains on the windows, the kind of place where a dinner—*à prix fixe*—can be obtained for a couple of francs, wine included.

At last he had found his goddess! His heart almost stopped beating, but he pushed open the door and went in. At the far end of the room was a figure of which he could only see the back; but it was crowned by clusters of golden-brown hair which he could not mistake. It was she!

The figure turned at his approach, and he was confronted by a stout, bold-faced woman well over forty, with arms akimbo and sleeves rolled up for work. His brain reeled. There must be some horrible mistake, in spite of the hair. He asked her name: he was not deceived, but why did Monsieur inquire?

He held all women in respect, and he could not be rude even to such as she; so he turned and bolted. He ran along the quay with such swiftness that he alarmed the gendarme doing sentry-go outside the central police-station, and he did not stop till he was across the bridge and well away from the little restaurant.

That night he packed his valise and took the mail-train back to London, reaching his lodgings pale and haggard just after dawn.

When he woke from a long sleep he found a scented note lying on his table, a week old. It was from her, telling him that she was going away, and giving her address in case he wanted her.

He felt annoyed. Of course he wanted her. He wanted to tell her all his troubles, and to receive the sympathy she was always so ready to give. He would go to her and tell her all about it.

She was staying at a big hydro in the Midlands, and when he arrived she was sitting alone in the drawing-room. He paused by the door to admire her. She was really very charming, and always dressed to perfection. And he adored well-dressed women. He marked her pretty, luxuriant hair, her delicate features; and he saw with pride that the dress she wore was one he had admired in a Bond Street window one afternoon when he was out walking with her. A dainty shoe was just visible beneath the folds of her silk petticoat, and she was reading a letter. It was his letter—the last he had written from Paris, and as she bent over it tears were in her eyes.

A light dawned on him. He crossed the room quietly on tip-toe, put his arm round her, and kissed her. And the look on her face as he did so was that of his dream of the old-world garden.

THE END.



IRATE ANGLER (who has fished the day out with never a ribble); What the dickens did you mean by telling us this morning
that we should get a lot of fishing at the river here?
RUSTIC: I meant it 'ud take a lot of fishing to catch any, 'cause there ain't no fish to catch.

DRAWN BY H. HOPE READ.



ONCE again the name of Ellen Terry overshadows everything else in the theatrical world; for the benefit in celebration of her jubilee, which is fixed for next Tuesday afternoon at Drury Lane Theatre, will undoubtedly be the great theatrical event of the season. Indeed, by reason alike of the distinction of the actors engaged and the prices at which the seats are being sold, the occasion will take rank by the side of the famous benefits of the last quarter of a century and more.

Among much that will be memorable, it is unquestionably the first act of "Much Ado About Nothing" in which the interest of the afternoon will centre. In the first place, Miss Terry herself will take part in it and will play Beatrice, the character which, as her admirers have often said, "she was born to play," and in which she herself will admit her powers as an actress of pure high comedy have been put to the greatest test. In that selection the name of Terry is written large over the proceedings, for three generations of the family

Mr. Gordon Craig—Robin, Peter, Rosie, and Philip—with Master Dennis Terry. The actors in the dance will be Messrs. Gerald Du Maurier, Basil Gill, George Trollope, Harcourt Williams, Graham Browne, Frank Mills, George Carew, Edmund Gwenn, Henry Ainley, Charles Thursby, Vincent Sternroyd, Matheson Lang, Sydney Brough, Julian L'Estrange, and Sam Sothern.

Not less interesting will be the appearance of the chief comedians in a sort of Christy Minstrel entertainment, with white faces instead of black. Were they "blacked up" the audience would scarcely be able to identify its favourites, and so would lose a considerable portion of its pleasure. Mr. Seymour Hicks will be the interlocutor, and the comedians who will take part are Messrs. Willie Edouin, Johnny Danvers, Arthur Roberts, Edmund Payne, Arthur Williams, Harry Fragson, George Grossmith junior, G. P. Huntley, Farren Soutar, Huntley Wright, Louis Bradfield, Harry Grattan, Fred Wright, and George Graves.



"IN A CORNER COOL AND SHADY": MISS MARION HARRIS TAKES HER EASE.
Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

will appear, and Miss Terry herself will be seen on the same stage as her own grandchildren. Miss Marion Terry will play Hero, Miss Kate Terry (Mrs. Lewis) Ursula, and Miss Minnie Terry (their niece) Margaret, while Mr. Fred Terry will be Don Pedro, the part in which, it will be remembered, he made so great a success in Mr. Alexander's production at the St. James's. Miss Terry's two brothers, Mr. George Terry and Mr. Charles Terry, will be torch-bearers. Mr. Tree will be Benedick, and Mr. Forbes-Robertson Claudio, the part he played in Sir Henry Irving's first production of the play with Miss Terry. The name of Irving is appropriately kept on the programme by the persons of Mr. H. B. Irving as Don John (the part he also played at the St. James's), and Mr. Lawrence Irving as the Messenger; while Mr. Hermann Vezin, who was the original Dr. Primrose in "Olivia" with Miss Terry at the Court Theatre, will be Leonato. Mr. Henry Neville, another actor associated with productions in which the Terry family has distinguished itself—for he gave Miss Marion Terry one of her first engagements, as well as the late Miss Florence Terry—will be Antonio. Mr. Norman Forbes, another Lyceum colleague of Miss Terry's, will be Conrade, while Mr. Oscar Asche will be Borachio; and Mr. Edmund Gwenn, Balthazar.

Mr. Gordon Craig has designed a masked dance for the end of the act, and among other members of the Terry family who will take part in it besides those named are Miss Mabel Terry Lewis, who has not been seen on the stage since her marriage, Miss Beatrice Terry, Miss Janet Terry Lewis, Miss Lucy Terry Lewis, Miss Olive Terry Morris (a daughter of the late Miss Florence Terry), Mr. Horace Terry, and Mr. George Terry Morris, and the pages will be the children of

"The Florentine Tragedy," the Oscar Wilde play which the Literary Theatre Club produces on Sunday evening at the King's Hall, Covent Garden, contains only three parts. These will be played by Miss Gwendolen Bishop (Bianca), Mr. George Ingleton (Simone), and Mr. Reginald Owen. As the name imports, the scene is laid in Florence, and the time is during the sixteenth century. It is being produced by Mr. Herbert Jarman, who is also presenting "Salome." A special feature is being made of the costumes, which Mr. C. S. Ricketts has designed. While, as has been said, Mr. Robert Farquharson plays Herod in "Salome," the part of Iokanaan, which in Germany dominated the play, has been entrusted to Mr. Lewis Casson; Miss Darragh will play Salome; Miss Florence Farr, Herodias; and Mr. Stanley Smith, the page.

Shakspeare enthusiasts are, not unnaturally, delighted at the way in which Mr. Lewis Waller's revival of "Othello" has been received, and that he has felt himself justified in placing the play in the bill on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons.

Madame Jane Hading, who is popularly regarded as the most beautiful actress on the French stage (and she certainly is one of the most beautiful actresses on any stage), will begin a short season at the Coronet on Monday evening, which will take rank for the time with the other West-End houses so far as prices of admission are concerned. The play on the first two nights will be "Le Deini-Monde," followed, at the matinée on Wednesday, by "Le Maître de Forges." This, it is hardly necessary to say, is the original of "The Iron-Master," which Mr. and Mrs. Kendal recently added to their répertoire.

KEY-NOTES

DEATH has been very busy recently with some of our best-known musicians. One of the most sorrowful incidents in the historical music of our time, however, is the death of Sir Edward Elgar's father. Anybody who ever met Mr. William Henry Elgar, where his business was so amply patronised by the public, not only because he was the father of so celebrated a musician, but also on account of the fine honesty of his life, will feel the loss of him to a very large extent. Time, of course, claims its dues, and one must remember that Mr. Elgar, when he died some days ago, was eighty-four years of age. He was a native of Dover, and in early life became an assistant at the music-publishing house of Messrs. Coventry and Hollier, in Soho. There he strove his utmost to develop the artistic side of the musical business, and made up various versions of works which were not destined for the absolute instruments to which he devoted them. Anyway, it is something more than sixty years ago since he settled down in Worcester as a music-publisher, and became an organist of St. George's Roman Catholic church in that city—the faithful city, as the Mayor and Corporation invariably remind us on all the occasions when one attends any of their festivals. For thirty-seven years Mr. Elgar occupied the post of organist at this church, and was succeeded by that son of his who has made a universal reputation now for music which can never be deleted from the calendar of art.

The present writer was a witness of the ceremony which attached to the delivery of the freedom of the city to a great man who distinguished himself in the course of his artistic and civil life, in the person of Sir Edward Elgar, and he will never forget how charming a tribute Sir Edward Elgar paid to his father—in what moving terms he referred to one who had invariably encouraged his talent, and had put in his way all the possibilities which produced the great and magnificent artist who now ranges in these modern times with Richard Strauss and Richard Wagner. We say so definitely, even though some may think that this is an exaggerated appreciation of Elgar; the fact is, however, that it is necessary to advance with the times, and when occasion needs, to remind the public that Time never stands still, and that we have to remember the advance to which reference has just been made.

Puccini has become a household name for musical critics to play with. Whatever he writes seems to catch the popular ear, and seems to attract, also, popular audiences. His "Madama Butterfly" has now become a really serious draw at Covent Garden Opera, and on the occasion of its production the other day at the Royal Opera, when Mlle. Destinn took the principal part, the theatre was quite crowded. Caruso, in the rôle of F. B. Pinkerton, one felt to be in exceedingly fine form, despite one's natural complaint concerning the title of the part. That title would have given a splendid subject to Robert Louis Stevenson for an essay upon realism and romanticism in music; there is no need to dwell upon the matter here, but the fact remains that unless you lift even the names of the characters of any artistic piece from the customary level of life, you cannot create an atmosphere of romance. Signor Scotti in the part of Sharpless was very good, and Signor Campanini conducted an orchestra which was completely

acquainted with all the effects that Puccini desired. The work had a great success, and the composer himself appeared at the end in response to a very considerable popular demand.

Kreisler still remains the greatest violinist of his generation. By that we do not mean for a moment to imply that, *au fond*, he is a greater artist than such a man as Joachim. But Joachim has passed through his period of triumphant success, and, though still triumphant, he must, in common with all of us, realise that the time has come when other men will reach to the heights which he himself at one period attained. Therefore one may praise with a very full heart the only recital which Kreisler has purposed to give during the present season, and which took place at the Queen's Hall the other day. One may say that the most difficult composer to interpret, despite the apparent facility of his writing, is Mozart. Yet his Rondo in D major was the most extraordinary rendering of the whole

afternoon given by Kreisler. Mozart seems so facile, his work seems so easy to reproduce, because its beauty is so immediately apparent, that there are many people who regard it as a matter not so much of seriousness but as a matter which any ordinary artist can approach and easily make an artistic success. Kreisler, however, takes the right view of the matter. He has obviously studied his Mozart, and has gone deeper than most interpreters in order to find the meaning and significance of that wonderful composer's genius. The result was that he played the Rondo with so marvellous a sincerity, so amazing a gentleness, and finally so expressive a virility that he seemed to open, as Mozart himself opened in "Die Zauberflöte," door after door in order to show the ultimate goal of his genius.

Pachmann is always a name to conjure with, and he invariably succeeds in drawing an audience to hear the results of what must be long practice and long thought, particularly in connection with the work of Chopin. At the Bechstein Hall the other day he gave a long programme, in which he included many of the works of Chopin, and once more showed that talent, that genius, to which we have already referred. Whatever

may be the little personal eccentricities of Pachmann, there is no doubt whatever but that his talent belongs to the most delicate order of things, and that his work is based upon much industry, much labour, and much thoughtful feeling. It is all very well for people to chaff Pachmann because of his personal eccentricities; but these should all be forgotten when one realises the care, the delicacy, and the thoughtfulness which have gone to make up his particular musical equipment. One of the most interesting details of the concert to which the writer is referring was an announcement that the pianoforte-player purposed to give a different reading and phrasing of Chopin's twenty-third Prelude from that which is generally known to the average concert-goer. The venturesome, one might almost say the audacious, transformation of the public ideal into Pachmann's own ideal was at first a little inclined to make his audience timorous. His effects, however, were brought to a very noble conclusion, and it may be said that he realised more nearly the meaning of Chopin's work than those who have accustomed us to their readings in the past.

COMMON CHORD.



THE NEW ZEALAND CONTRALTO FOR WHOM MME. MELBA WILL GIVE A CONCERT :
MISS IRENE AINSLEY.

Mme. Melba, with the generosity so characteristic of her, will give a concert for Miss Ainsley on the tenth, in the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales and a distinguished audience. Mme. Melba first heard her protégée in New Zealand over three years ago, has since personally directed her studies—which began in London under Mme. Minnie Fischer, and continued in Paris under Mme. Mathilde Marchesi—and will play her accompaniments on the occasion of her London début. Miss Ainsley is nineteen, and her voice is said to be of wide range, even, and of a beautiful, sympathetic quality.

Photograph by Otto.

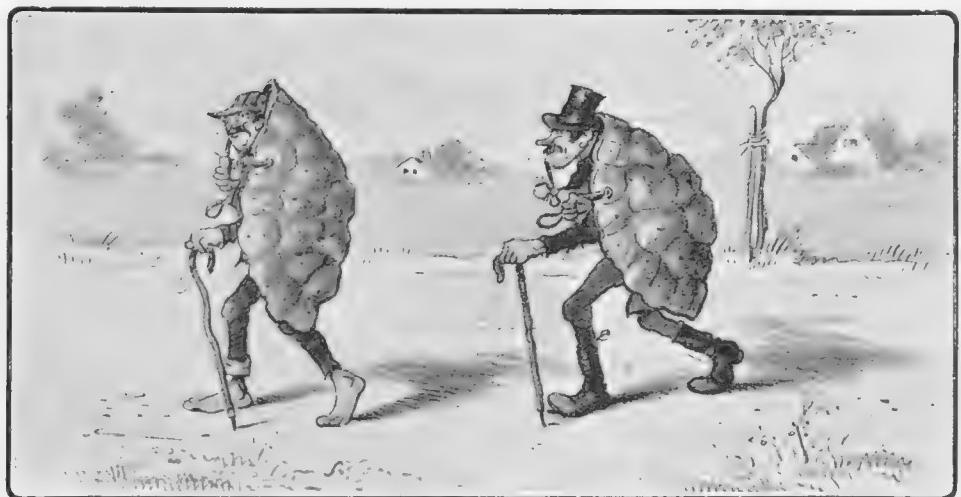


A NEW GORDON BENNETT—THE FRENCH PIQUED—THE 40-HORSE POWER SIX-CYLINDER NAPIER PROVES ITSELF—A WATCH LOSES MACDONALD A CUP—
JARROTT, ROLLS, AND MONTE CARLO—THE DUST AGAIN.

OUR French friends are moved to the core by the English proposal that the 'race' for the Gordon Bennett Cup be revived with all the old conditions, save that the weight of the cars to compete shall be reduced to about 16 cwt. 3 qr., and that the entrance-fee shall stand at the comparatively modest sum of £120. As France ruthlessly wiped out the Gordon Bennett race, because the competing nations would not agree to her enjoyment of a twenty-to-one chance against her next strongest rival, she—or her Press on her behalf—is quite annoyed that such a proposition should come from England, which she thought had quite settled down in the good old British way under one of the most unjust suppressions of a sporting event that the annals of sport have ever had to record. If this great race could be revived, with Germany, England, Italy, Belgium, and America as competitors, and the race held over the excellent Taunus course near Homburg, France would be found entreating entry upon the same terms as other people next year.

By reason of its own excellent qualities, coupled with ingenious advertisement, the six-cylinder Napier is well known to the automobile world to-day. Some little time since a challenge was issued to Mr. B. Johnson, to the effect that if a six-cylinder Napier (4 in. by 4 in.) would take a load of 40-horse power for two hours, in a Faraday House test, the challenger undertook to purchase a six-cylinder Napier at full catalogue price from Mr. Johnson, plus £100 commission. Well, the 40-horse power Napier engine was sent to Faraday House and delivered over to the tender mercies of the experts there for testing. The salient portion of the report ran as follows: "The engine was numbered 828, and had six cylinders, 4 in. diameter, the stroke being 4 in. It was direct-coupled to a brake-drum, and the following test carried out. The engine was run for twenty-six minutes whilst the apparatus was being adjusted, and after a stop of a few minutes, the test was started, and continued for two hours four minutes. The average load throughout this period was 43-b.h.p., the maximum load being 45·8-b.h.p., and the minimum 42-b.h.p. After this test was completed, a test was made to ascertain the maximum load the engine could maintain. Over a run of ten minutes' duration an average load of 47-b.h.p. was maintained, the maximum reading

finds itself so low in the list. The conditions of the event appear to have been about as absurd as could be, for the results depended not so much upon the reliability and regular running of the cars as upon the utter synchronisation of the watches carried by the competitors and those held by the judges or timekeepers. The Napier car driven by Macdonald was always to the good in point of time, and was always



WHY BE KILLED BY A MOTOR-CAR WHEN YOU CAN BE RUN OVER IN COMFORT?
THE TORTOISE "PROTECTOR."

in first; but owing to some irregularity between the watch carried by Macdonald and that held by the authorities, he was in either early or late 2 min. 28 sec. on the second day, with the result that he is placed sixth on the list. The details to hand at the moment of writing are very sparse, but from what one can gather I should say that from a comparative and reliability point of view the Milan placings are useless.

There has been much spilling of ink over the cutting of Mr. Charles Jarrott's London—Monte Carlo time, made from London to Monte Carlo on a 40-horse power Crossley, by the Hon. C. S. Rolls, driving from Monte Carlo to London on a 20-horse power Tourist Trophy Rolls-Royce car. When the horse-powers of the two cars are considered, the beating, of course, seems a very hollow one; but it must be borne in mind in admitting any comparison that Jarrott simply started out from London one fine day to get to Monte Carlo as expeditiously as possible, making no provision other than a start in time to catch the boat, whereas the Rolls-Royce run was most carefully planned and engineered, with the route carefully noted up, and stopping-places arranged for, where fuel and food were ready on demand. As remarkable as the performance of the car was the staunch behaviour of the four non-skid Dunlop tyres, which ran right through without mishap of any kind.



WHY BE KILLED BY A MOTOR-CAR WHEN YOU CAN BE RUN OVER IN COMFORT?
THE TORTOISE "PROTECTOR" IN USE.

being 49·5-b.h.p. and the minimum reading 48·3-b.h.p." No allowance was made for the power consumed by the friction on the bearings of the brake-drum.

The results of the competition for the Gold Cup of the Automobile Club of Milan are doubtless very satisfactory to the Italian motor trade as a whole, and soothing to Italian pride generally; but it is remarkable that four Italian cars are placed first, second, third, and fourth, and that the sixth prize, a beggarly £20, falls to the English car that maintained the lead from the first day to the last, and yet

their wretched and unavailing methods of repairing and maintaining the roads under their charge. It never occurs to these local worthies that if the dust were not upon the roads in the first place the motor-cars would never raise it, and that dust should not be is one of the first axioms of road-making. When, if ever, these local bodies do profit by the increased taxation of motor-cars, the additional income will be muddled and messed away just as of yore. Instead of tackling the difficulty as it should be tackled, these local bodies take refuge in grizzling complaint, and cries for repression. They have never heard of the sea and Mrs. Partington's mop.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

ASCOT—MANCHESTER—EXPENSES.

THE prospects for the Ascot Meeting, which commences on June 19, are of the rosiest. The course is in better condition than it has been for years, despite the fact that the long run of east wind has checked the growth of herbage somewhat. Mr. Clement has looked after the place well during the winter, and everything will be found to be in apple-pie order for this year. It is unfortunate that the Queen will not attend the races on either of the four days, although it may happen that her Majesty will witness the start for the Hunt Cup and take some snapshots with her Kodak. The King will grace the meeting with his presence on each day, and it is already reported that the applications for admission to the Royal Enclosure number many more than usual this year. Of course there will be many disappointments, but there is plenty of stand-space outside the Royal Enclosure, and it is possible to watch the racing in comfort, and that, too, at a very small cost. The race for the Royal Hunt Cup will produce the usual amount of excitement. I know of one or two animals that have been specially saved for this event, but it would serve no useful purpose to name them until after the weights have been published. The Gold Vase has attracted a good entry; so has the Wokingham; while the race for the Gold Cup will be a sight worth seeing. I like the race for the Ascot Stakes best of all the lot. It will bring out a good field of stayers this year, and is very likely to be won by an animal that has been placed in the race before. The railway arrangements for Ascot are perfect. The roads are good for motoring, coaching, and cycling, and the surroundings are generally inviting. In a sentence, "Ascot is Ascot."

I am very glad to see that the handicaps for the Manchester Whit-sundae Meeting have yielded better than usual. The managers of the Castle Irwell course are very liberal in the matter of prize-money, and they deserve plenty of patronage from owners. There has been a certain prejudice against the going on the new turf up to now, but that will die out in due course of time, and I expect that the Manchester Meeting will presently once more flourish as it did in the old days of New Barnes. The Club, which is managed by Lord Marcus Beresford, has a good list of members, and the clerks of the course, the Brothers Frail, are good business administrators. I certainly do think that the Manchester Cup should have attracted a better acceptance. Of fifty-five entries, thirty-three declared forfeit.

Seeing that the handicap is worth 3000 sovereigns (a gold cup value 250 sovereigns, and the rest in specie), doubtless Thomases might have started their horses on the off-chance. However, quality is fairly well represented in the race, and the winner should take some finding. The Salford Borough Handicap is worth 1000 sovereigns. It is a six-furlong sprint that should entice many of the "greyhounds of the course" to the post. The selling races have attracted average entries, and altogether the racing will be above the average seen at this meeting. Of course the locals will flock to the course in their thousands after witnessing the school processions which are a feature at Manchester during the Whit week.

The expenses of running horses are so great, and the revenue as a rule so little, that it is not to be wondered at that many owners think the time has arrived to ask for free stabling and fodder for their horses at race-meetings. I have agitated for this reform in these columns for years, and it has always seemed to me so strange that managers of courses will scatter luncheon-tickets at all tangents, while they do not hesitate to charge high prices for fodder for the horses running at their meetings. Seeing that the racehorses are the chief actors in the play, everything in reason should be done to attract them to the course, and in this particular the railway companies might be tapped for a trifling. The charges for carrying thoroughbreds by rail are in my opinion excessive, and the same

remark applies with equal force, as far as some of the companies are concerned, to the passenger traffic. The ordinary first-class return fare to Epsom is 3s., and yet on race-days, by late trains, 8s. 6d. is charged to people going to and returning from the Downs. This puts a premium on racing that the sport cannot stand in these days of low incomes and high taxes. Let the race-managers and the managers of our railway companies see to it that more moderation is displayed in the future. The North-country railway companies lower their fares at race times. Why could not the Southern lines do the same? I wonder clerks of courses have not agitated for this years ago, and, failing them, the bookmakers should take a hand in the game.

Complaints are made that many old-time race-goers now prefer to stay at home and do business with the S.P. merchants, and no wonder, seeing what the cost of a day's racing in the Southern counties means.

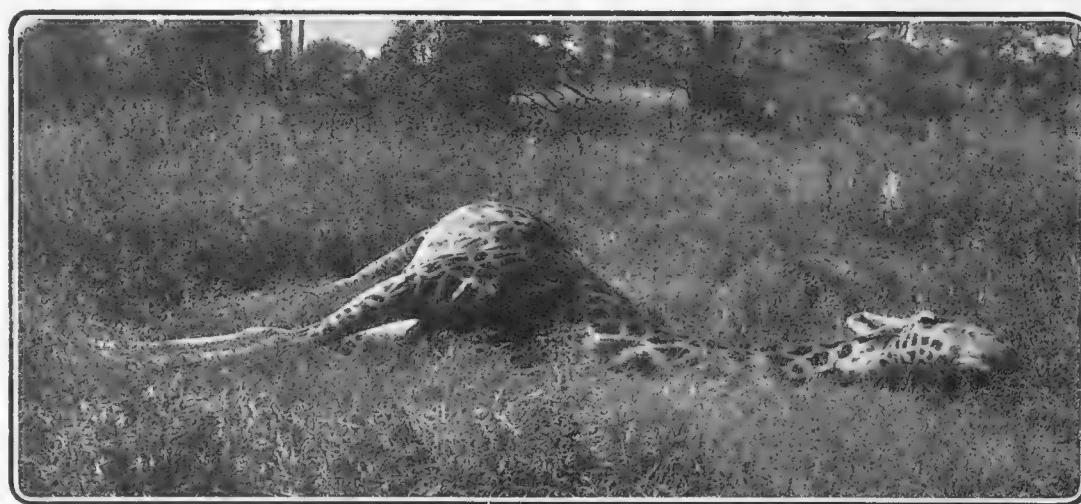
CAPTAIN COE.



TO CLIMB THE MOST DIFFICULT PEAKS IN THE ANDES
WITHOUT GUIDES: MISS ANNIE PECK.

Miss Peck will make a start almost immediately.

Photograph by G. G. Bain.



UGANDA AS A HAPPY HUNTING-GROUND FOR THE BIG-GAME HUNTER: A GOOD BAG—A GIRAFFE.

Photograph supplied by D. H. Bernard.

Captain Coe's "Tips" will be found on our second "City Notes" page.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

AN enterprising journalist treated us to a series of disconcerting articles on the adulteration of our food last winter. He found microbes in many matters eatable, and false quantities (not in Greek, but in grocery!) everywhere. All the shocks and surprises sprung on us then in relation to our daily bread were, however, a bagatelle in comparison with the exposures made on the other side of the Atlantic of late, which, curiously enough, first came to notice through the revelations of a recent novel. It must give food for thought to the fastidious American to discover, for example, that the potted chicken of his fond belief may be nothing more or less than "a mixture of tripe, fat of pork, beef suet, and waste ends of veal." All the different kinds of bird, whether potted grouse, partridge, or chicken, and even hare, come out of the same mixture, if those responsible are sufficiently unscrupulous. Further revelations inform him with the same engaging candour that "devilled ham" as sold in pots consists sometimes of tripe dyed with chemicals, with other admixtures of a more unmentionable nature. Sausages, always a fruitful subject of weak jokes, assume a terrible significance when it is boldly affirmed that "tons of old sausage-meat rejected in Europe returns mouldy and white to be dosed with borax and glycerine, and made up over again for home—that is, American consumption." A final sentence assures all whom it may concern that "things go into sausages to which poisoned rat is a tit-bit"! In connection with the revelations recently sprung on a horrified public the American Senate, one is glad to hear, has passed a Bill to secure more stringent supervision of "packing-houses," as they are called, where most of the

and title of the Derma Featural Company, with headquarters at 69, New Bond Street, and a specialist giving free consultations to an inquiring public. The object of the Derma Featural treatment, it may be at once stated, is to improve the appearance by removing disfigurements: ears standing wide, hooked noses, flat noses, snub noses,



[Copyright.]

FOR THE PARK.

recently revealed horrors occurred. Never again, having once read "The Jungle," can one look on "canned" or "potted" edibles unmoved, unless they are the productions of one of the several firms whose goods are and have been for long above suspicion.

The sight of an exceptionally beautiful woman brought to my mind an interesting development of modern beauty-culture under the style



[Copyright.]

A SIMPLE WHITE MUSLIN FROCK.

"puffy" lines under the eyes, furrows on face or neck, can be, it is claimed, cured completely by this plastic treatment, which the specialist in charge at 69, Bond Street, applies to his "cases." It may require a certain amount of courage to appear in public with an aquiline nose when one's friends have known and loved one with a retroussé organ, but none will question the advantage of a smooth new complexion from which wrinkles have departed, and where bogginess is not. Such possibilities read like Grimm or Hans Andersen—beloved magicians of departed happy days—while coming within the pale of reality, where fairy princess or wicked witch cannot follow us.

The fairy Princess of real life has changed into the Queen of a stately inheritance, and bonny blonde Princess Ena is the new Queen Victoria of old, old Spain, with all her life before her, and a thousand years of history behind. Could some bold buccaneers of Queen Bess revisit a glimpse of this twentieth-century moon, what strange oaths would meet the news that a fair daughter of England had journeyed away to wear the crown of Columbus's country! Yet this world is ever one of change—the unexpected only happens—and doubtless Drake or Raleigh, or the other gentlemen adventurers of the day, would have been well content to give the Princess a rousing Elizabethan send-off in view of their intermediate experiences elsewhere.

Figure to yourself, dear people, a General Information Bureau actually established in prosaic Victoria Street, where for a modest eighteenpence questions of all kinds are freely answered. The Bureau is in connection with the Women's Institute, but non-members can avail themselves of its solace and solutions. Of course, I cannot say

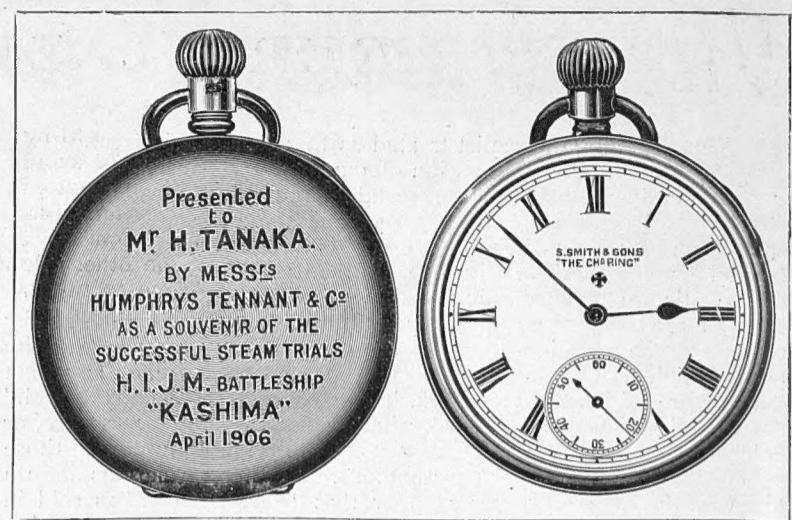
that the G.I.B. could have "spotted" last Wednesday's winner—that would have been underpaid at eighteenpence; but all ordinary, or even extraordinary, information is yours to command, and I am credibly informed that questions with regard to remunerative employment elicit sensible and satisfactory answers, amongst other subjects—which may, perhaps, be a useful tip to women adrift on the high, wild sea of impecuniosity.

Summer days and summer gowns. If in the spring a young man's fancy "turns," in summer it ought to have arrived, so bewitching do the girls look in diaphanous garments and "gay attire," like the tulips of the early Victorian poet. This week our artist gracefully exploits "a simple white muslin," but of a simplicity, be it understood, not contrived without expenditure. Again we have a Park gown, lace on sleeves, front, back, collar, with dainty *bretelles* and tabs of velvet in olive-green, the frock itself being of Ninon-de-soie in a paler tone. One of the new picture-hats by Maison Lewis crowns the whole.

SYBIL.

Lord Herschell, the engagement of whose sister to Captain Ralph Yorke is announced, is the man whose name briefless barristers murmur for their encouragement when apt to despair. His father figured in that famous colloquy with Lord Selby, the ex-Speaker, and the late Lord Russell of Killowen. Practising on the Northern Circuit, they were not making a living between them. As they sat over an indifferent dinner in their rooms, they discussed emigration. Russell would drop the English Bar and practise in the Consular Courts in China; the second would go to the Straits Settlements, the third to India. Well, we all know what happened through that resolve not being put into execution. Lord Herschell was to becometwice Lord Chancellor. His son has not up to now had time to "find" himself, but as private secretary to the Earl of Aberdeen he is learning things, and his maiden speech in moving the Address in the Lords recently showed that he commands his father's faculty for lucid expression and ready flow of felicitous language. He is one of the men of to-morrow.

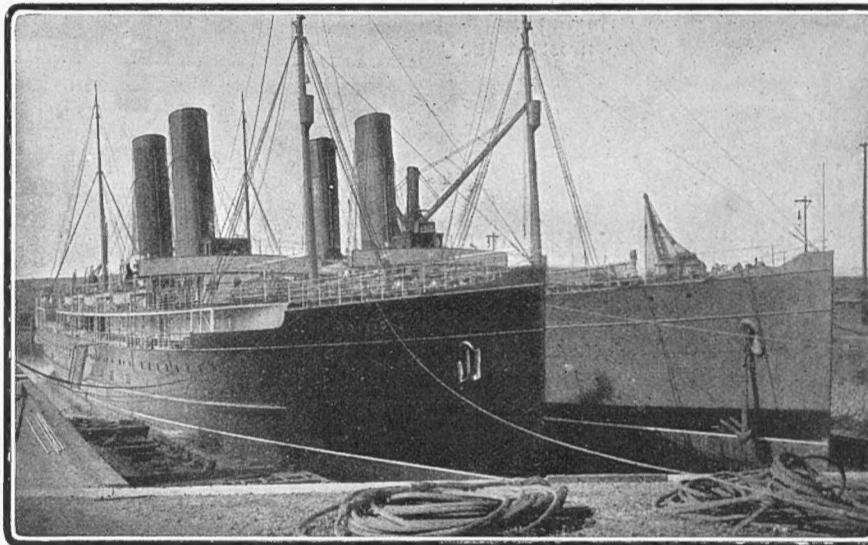
In these days, when competition is so great, it is interesting to note that even in watches, where the foreign manufacturer is more formidable than perhaps in any other industry, English-made goods still hold the supremacy. A large order for watches has just been placed for the entire crew of his Imperial Japanese Majesty's battle-ship the *Kashima*, as a memento of that



ENGLISH WATCHES FOR JAPANESE SAILORS: THE SOUVENIR OF THE "KASHIMA'S" STEAM TRIALS.

ship's successful steam trials. This goes a long way to show that the English watchmaking industry can still hold its own against that of foreign manufacturers; and certainly the watch in question, of which

Messrs. S. Smith and Son, Limited, of 9, Strand, London, W.C., are the makers, and which they have appropriately named "The Charing X," is very excellent. Although it embodies all the finer points of their high-class productions, with the machinery and plant at their disposal, they have succeeded in bringing down the price to two pounds.



THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY'S NEW IRISH SERVICE VIA FISHGUARD AND ROSSLARE: TWO OF THE COMPANY'S NEW TURBINE STEAMERS.

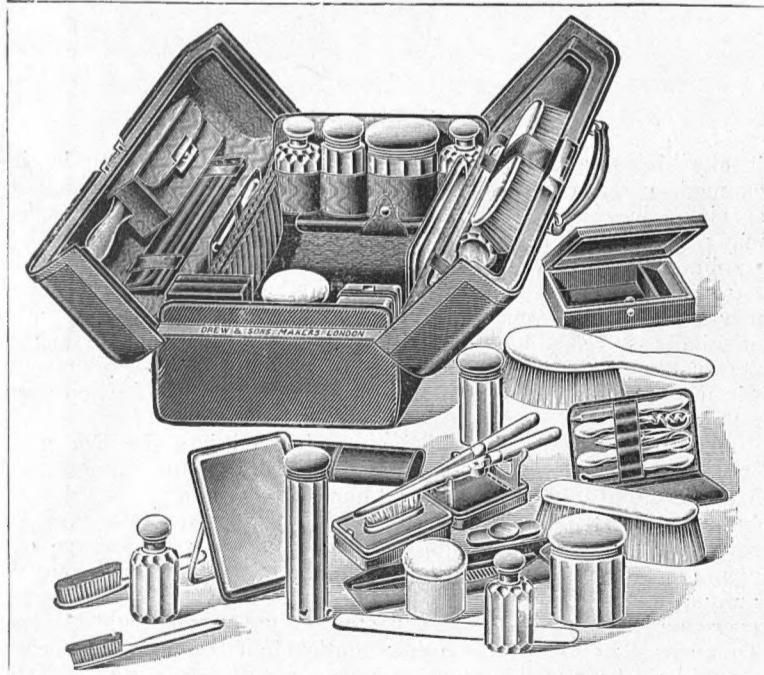
hotels located at the many delightful spots and holiday resorts served by this company's system. The book is bound in a very attractive and pleasing cover, and copies can be obtained at any of the company's stations and town offices, or will be sent, post free, on receipt of a postcard to Publicity Department, 216, Marylebone Road, N.W.

With the approach of summer, the thoughts of thousands of Londoners turn to Margate and Ramsgate and to the invigorating steamboat trips from London to those places, and if only the business people of the Metropolis knew what a marvellous pick-me-up a sea-trip to Margate and back is, then, instead of there being about ten passenger steamers in the business, there would be three times the number, or the accommodation would be short for the big demand that would result. The New Palace steamers, *Royal Sovereign* and *Koh-i-Noor*, will, as in former years, commence their regular sailings on Saturday, June 2, to Southend, Margate, and Ramsgate. The steamers have been thoroughly overhauled and redecorated, and are now cleaner and better found than ever before.

An interesting feature at the present time, in view of the wedding of an English Princess with the King of Spain, is the re-introduction of a very fine old Amoroso sherry by Messrs. Hedges and Butler, of Regent Street, W. This old-established firm, who are wine merchants to his Majesty the King of Spain, are retaining the appropriate name of the brand—La Novia (the bride), and are uniting in the label the English and Spanish flags.

The time of this year's Derby, as taken by Benson's chronograph, was 2 min. 36 4-5 sec.; last year's time was 2 min. 39 3-5 sec.

Motorists will be interested in a very excellent map of Great Britain issued by Perrier. It is commendably clear and on a commendably large scale—eight miles to the inch. The main roads are marked with a double red line, and the side roads with a single red line, while the distances between places and the distance every large town is from London is clearly shown. The map can be obtained mounted on cloth, to fold into two sections in a flat waterproof case, from Messrs. George Philip and Sons, Limited, 32, Fleet Street, London, E.C., at the price of half-a-guinea.



A NEW DESIGN IN MOTOR DRESSING-BAGS.

The above sketch is of a very small, flat, and light ladies' dressing-bag for motor-car and general use, that would form an excellent wedding-present. It contains all the toilet requisites necessary to a lady, and also has space for light articles of clothing. It is made in dark-green morocco, with lining and leather fittings to match. Its fittings are in plain substantial silver, heavily gilt. The brushes are of the best African ivory, and the whole costs £13 10s. It is made by Messrs. Drew and Sons, 33, 35 and 37, Piccadilly Circus.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on June 12.

IT was with a sigh of relief that the Stock Exchange welcomed the end of the twenty-one day account which terminated yesterday, but everything passed off without disaster. The money position is certainly improving, although rates are somewhat stiff at the moment. The coming holidays, the Derby Day, and the absence of the Jewish members have all contributed to make business scarce and restricted, while the unsatisfactory political situation in Russia makes the French investor disinclined to buy, if it does not induce him to sell.

Despite the prevailing dullness, the traffics of both Home and South American Rails show splendid results, and in anything like normal times prices must have responded. For the half-year North-Eastern leads the English section, closely followed by North-Western, the increase in both cases to date being nearly £200,000. Among the Argentine Companies, Rosario in twenty-one weeks has improved its gross take by £257,000, and Great Southern in forty-seven weeks has an increase of over half a million. All the Cuban returns are very satisfactory, and the United of Havana interim dividend at the rate of 9 per cent. was a pleasant surprise.

In the last few days we have had one or two important meetings of Companies in which we know many of our correspondents are interested.

Sir R. W. Anstruther, presiding at the Nobel Dynamite Trust meeting, had a pleasant and easy task. We have always looked upon this Company as one of the most solid and important concerns in the Industrial Market, and it is satisfactory to note a considerable increase in the net profits, despite the cut in prices which is going on. Of a different character was the meeting of the Russian Petroleum and Liquid Fuel Company, held the same day. We confess that our sympathy is with the directors in the attack which certain shareholders made upon them, for the present very unsatisfactory state of the Company's affairs has been brought about by circumstances over which the best directors in the world could have no control. As well might a man be blamed for financial failure brought about by the San Francisco earthquake. The truth of the matter is that to carry on business in Russia just now is a risky thing, and if the board can pull the concern round they will not only deserve to be complimented, but political events will have to go in their favour as well.

CONSOLS AND IRISH.

With their July dividends deducted, Consols and Irish Land stock stand at very nearly the same figure, although the interest on the first is $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. less than that on the other. The anomaly is due in no small degree to the market anticipation of the heavy issue of new Irish stock that was supposed to be coming last month, and against which the dealers, almost to a man, sold bears. And until the new stock appears there is not likely to be much change in the sentiment or attitude of the market. Consols cannot fail to be influenced by the same factor, and the only things likely to revive the price of Goschens are Government buying and a lowering of the Bank Rate. Both these much-to-be-desired contingencies seem a trifle remote at the moment; but the Consol Market is extremely sensitive to so many influences that some event, unlooked for at present, may come to the aid of the quotation before either of the two reasons just indicated. The aftermath of the 'Frisco shocks is still felt, and appearances give one the impression that a good deal of stock is wandering about the market in search of a more permanent home. It cannot be gainsaid that Consols always look reasonably cheap anywhere near 89, and the Irish stock, with a full Imperial guarantee, now pays over 3 per cent. on the money. But such considerations carry no weight in dull days, and the period of lassitude may have to last for several weeks more.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"The most misguided misanthrope —"

"Don't be personal," interjected The City Editor.

"Get on with your thistles. The most misguided misanthrope admits that there is good in most things," and The Broker looked thoroughly pleased with his profundity of observation.

"Well, go on. Give it a name," said The Jobber. "We can all guess what's coming, though."

"The Kaf —"

The Carriage roared at its own astute perception in guessing.

"Where's the joke?" asked the Broker, rather nettled.

"They're all laughing at the idea of a rise in Kaffirs," explained The Jobber, half truthfully.

"I shouldn't let a man sell now, anyway."

"Confound you Stock Exchange men!" burst out The Engineer. "That's what you always say. You never want anyone to sell a share."



WHEN WILL HE COME OUT?

BEARS : He must come out soon.

IRISHMAN : Begorra, it's myself only who knows, and Oi'm not quite shure !

If I'd followed my own opinion twelve months ago, where should I have been now?"

"Unhealthy locality, Carey Street," remarked The Jobber casually, as though speaking of nothing in particular.

"No, Sir! Not Carey Street, but in some place where my bank balance would have been a da—"

"Quite warm enough up here, I think, don't you?" and The Jobber appealed, still casually, to The City Editor.

"But you Stock Exchange men always say, 'Oh, keep your shares. Keep your shares. Better some day.' I believe there's a gigantic conspiracy against the public to prevent them selling shares."

"I quite agree with you," pursued The Jobber to The City Editor, "that this weather really is enough to make an excitable man take to drink."

The Engineer could not help laughing. "No such luck, if a man holds Kaffirs," he retorted. "It's only the opulent Jobber in the Yankee Market who can afford to drink to excess."

"My dear friend," replied The Jobber earnestly, "I assure you that the only time I leave the market, except for lunch, is to report a limit."

"For which purpose," observed The Broker, "he leaves an unauthorised clerk in the market, and returns half-an-hour later without having reported the limit, and flavoured with cigarette-smoke."

"You gentlemen don't believe in a reduction in the Bank Rate?" interposed The Banker.

"Thank you, Sir. It is a relief to change the subject. Do you think the Rate's coming down?"

"It's difficult to express an opinion," was the careful reply.

"The Stock Exchange is notoriously, not to say infamously, optimistic," The City Editor contributed.

"There's sometimes an untrue word that doesn't appear in print," returned The Jobber.

"Next gentleman, please!"

"Until the end of the half-year we shall surely have the present Bank Rate?" questioned The Solicitor.

"Very probably, but not necessarily," said The Banker. "I confess I would like to see it lower, if only to impart a little buoyancy to Stock Exchange business."

"Talk about something different to the Kaffir Market, quick, somebody," pleaded The Jobber, looking at his House friend.

"There's Broken Hill —"

"And Mount Lyell."

"And Zinc Corporation."

"All good for a rise," commented The Broker.

"If the prices of metals keep up."

"Naturally. You can't buy mining shares without elements of speculation being apparent in them."

"You ought to write a book, Brokie, you really ought. Call it 'Peaceful Platitudes; or, How to Avoid Going Broke. By a Broker.' Something catchy, like that."

The Solicitor hastened to admit a partiality for Broken Hill Norths.

"Excellent choice," The Engineer affirmed. "In spite of the flood in the mine, the price will go to 3½ or 4."

"And Zins will go to 2."

"You zinc zo, eh?"

"The man's mad," The Broker pointed out to The Banker — "raving mad."

"Not at all. Only I feel the holiday influences. That's all."

"This weather really is enough to make an excitable man take to drink," quoth The Engineer.

"Tea and coffee, of course," added The Solicitor. "Aren't Lyons going it, by-the-way? Always wanting more capital."

"Yet the Stock Exchange supporters of the Company swear by it," said The Broker. "It seems to me as if —"

"So long as the concern is under the present management there's no great harm likely to come to the Company. Buy me fifty, will you?" and The Merchant turned to The Broker.

"Make you 5½-6 in your fifty," said The Jobber promptly. "I'll come a thirty-second closer one way, as I know what you want to do."

The Broker thanked him profusely. "I think I might get a closer price in the country," he returned.

"Possibly. In twenty shares. Your provincial Exchanges quote remarkably close prices in a remarkably small number of shares."

The Broker laughed.

"I sent an order to buy a couple of hundred iron shares to the country the other day," he reported. "Their list quoted the price at a sixpenny margin. What do you think they answered?"

The Carriage was all attention.

"This was the reply: 'Last done, so-and-so. Think forty shares offered. Doing best.'"

"How did it end?"

"I bought the shares down here," laughed The Broker. "And got a fourpenny-halfpenny price made me in the lot, straight away."

"Is that so?" said The Merchant. "Those iron shares are high enough, one would suppose, as a matter of personal opinion."

"Do you think so?" queried The Engineer. "I rather fancy that people are frightened out of iron because of the present Government. When they see that the Labour Party will do nothing dreadful, we shall have more attention given to the cheaper shares."

"Such as?"

"Vickers are cheap. So are Armstrongs. And I fancy a little thing called Workington Preference—six per cent. shares standing about a guinea, quite well covered by Ordinary dividends, and that kind of thing."

"How about Cements?" asked The Broker.

"High enough at present," returned The Solicitor. "Better buy London and India Dock Preferred stock at 94½. Four per cent."

The Banker said he had heard distressing accounts of the quarrels between the Dock Companies.

"I am assured, Sir, that the London and India is losing very little money over it. And the stock ought to be worth quite par."

"Not bad for an investment," replied The Broker. "Great Western stock pays over 4 per cent., too, at the present price. New stuff won't rank for the next two dividends, either."

"People will buy Kaffirs before they touch Home Rails," prophesied The Jobber. "Whitsun traffics might buck up the latter a bit, but I doubt it, although I'm going away myself."

"Where?" asked The Carriage.

"Norfolk Broads. Will you all come?"

"We will all come!" cried The Carriage rapturously.

Friday, June 1, 1906.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer...

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. L. (Holland).—We think you might hold the Diamond shares. Considering how bad all African markets have been, both shares have kept their price wonderfully, but you cannot expect much of a rise in the present state of the Stock Exchange. The worst thing we know of Lace Diamond shares is that they are a general tip, and if they go up there will be too many people snatching a profit.

J. E. D.—We prefer Missouris of your list, otherwise Denver Preferred would be our advice.

INFANT.—Yes, Alberta Railway and Irrigation Company 5 per cent. Debentures are a fair investment. Already the dividend for the twelve months has been earned, and the receipts for two months more have to come in. The bonds carry 2 per cent. interest, payable on July 1 next.

J. E. C. (Oxon).—We cannot give opinions as to whether the bus-ticket prizes constitute a lottery, but we advise you, if you get a winning number, to take the money.

SPHINX.—(1) It was not very long ago they suspended payment, but subsequently reorganised. The answer is, the less you have to do with any of these advertising brokers and their systems the better for your pocket. (2 and 3) Fair speculative investments, especially No. 2. (4) Steel Commons are a general tip. (6) You ought to be able to estimate the prospects of Egyptian Estates better than people here. To name probable top prices is absurd, and we won't try.

NOTE.—In consequence of the holidays we have to go to press early, and must ask the indulgence of correspondents who do not find answers in this issue.

GENERAL NOTES.

Degrees and Degrees.

The feting of eminent French professors and experts in education by the University of London and by the Foreign Office this week, and the militant Dr. Clifford's degree from the mysterious "Bates University, U.S.A." attract attention to the whole subject of academic plumage. Our French guests will be interested to note the English usage of more or less resplendent hoods worn over the shoulders; they themselves use a sort of sash or scarf. Naturally enough, the University of Laval, in the French-speaking province of Quebec, uses the French degrees and scarves, but it is not so clear why the badge of Oriental degrees at Indian universities should be a sash. London University degrees are an exception to the rule that the easier a degree is to get the more magnificent is its hood, and the scarlet and violet of the London M.D., the scarlet and russet-brown of the D.Litt., the scarlet and gold of the D.Sc., and the scarlet and blue of the LL.D., all denote real industry as well as attainments. But of the "D.D., Bates," we ha'e our doots.

A *Murder a Day*. One of those delightful persons who have nothing to do but figure out comic statistics has summed up the life of New York for us in a nutshell. He tells us that the police arrest someone every three minutes, that someone is buried every seven minutes, that a fire breaks out every forty-eight minutes, that an accidental death occurs once in an hour-and-three-quarters, that one attempt at murder and one suicide take place every eight hours, and that one murder is committed every day. Turning to family life, it appears that a couple are married every thirteen minutes—an unlucky figure, which perhaps accounts for the fact that a divorce is granted three times a day. On the other hand, a baby comes into the world every six minutes. A new company is started every forty-eight minutes, and an old one goes bankrupt every seven hours.

The Parisian Summer.

The bands tum-tum in the Champs Elysées, the dresses of the dancers frou-frou, the top note of the concert-girl soars above the tooting of the motor-horn. The world has betaken itself to this part of the town, and at eight o'clock this evening the restaurants in the trees wear their white clothes and glisten with the dinner service. The Gibson Girl (ah, delicious summer creature!) floats in the atmosphere of the Marigny and distracts half the population of Gay Paree; at other places where they sing and dance the British product in petticoats more than holds her own. It is the fashion, now the sun has come after dreary weeks of waiting, to drive out to the Bois and sup beneath the chestnuts and the acacias, whilst the red-coated band plays a dreamy waltz. A fit frame for the best girl. The air is full of scent of blossom, there is the background of music, and the wide, sweeping expanse of Bois in front, looking sombre and mysterious in the evening light. Only, if you would explore the mysteries and draw nearer to the nightingale, whose dulcet notes well from yonder thicket, be careful, for the Apache abounds. He is the summer dweller of the Bois.

TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

The racing at Manchester ought to be first-class. I think the Castle Irwell Handicap will be won by Borghese. I like Julia Wolf for the Trial Handicap, and Tipperary may win the Stamford Handicap. Ianthe, if Elsey's best, should win the Two-Year-Old Selling Plate. The Beaufort Handicap will bring out some very fast horses, and I think Be Very Wise will win. For the Manchester Cup I like Costly Lady, with Bibiani the danger. Rising Falcon may win the Salford Borough Handicap, and Keld is given a chance for the Broughton Welter. Good Rest ought to win the Saturday Selling Plate. At Brighton, Quick may win the Brighton Handicap, and St. Bernard II. may capture the Portslade Plate. I like Squire Alfred for the Patcham Plate. On the opening day of the Lingfield Meeting Lyking may win the Maiden Plate, Salford the Club Welter, and Cannon Ball the Weir Courtenay Plate.

